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SPEAIGHT.

MRS. W. H. PAWSON AND HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE LANGUAGE . .
. . . OF FIGURES.

AS Honorary President of the Royal Statistical Society, the Prince of Wales made an interesting little speech at the opening of the International Statistical Institute. It is to be hoped that his influence will have some effect in inducing people to think less of what they call the dryness of figures. As a matter of fact, figures, even to people of imagination, are much more interesting than random speech or random writing, and it has happened more than once that when the population was being carried away by inflated rhetoric it was brought back to the region of common-sense by the prosaic statistician. It has been said jeeringly that you can prove anything by statistics; but this is a remark not to be taken too seriously. No doubt by falsifying statistics, or looking at them in a wrong way, a plausible case may often be made out for what is intrinsically a bad cause; but if the figures are used honestly and fairly they can tell but one tale. Often enough it is a tale that confounds the sentimentalist. Many of those who air their grievances in the newspapers about the various signs that they are always discovering, for example, of the decadence of the British nation, appear simply to have walked up a street and on seeing a scrofulous child or two come to the conclusion that all of us were going to the bad; but how different is the tale told by the man of facts and figures. He pays no attention to the sight of one or two diseased individuals, because he knows full well that there never was a time or country in which everyone was thoroughly well and healthy. The question with him is not in regard to the existence of disease, but whether it be on the increase or the decrease. He takes a long series of years and measures our progress by the death-

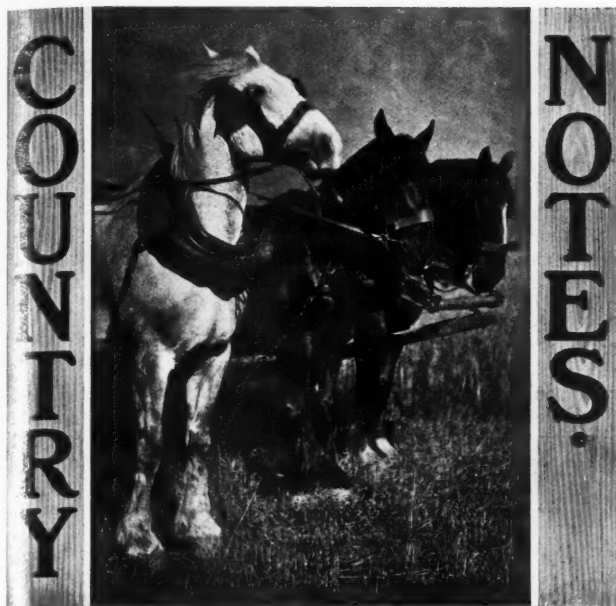
rate, or some other test generally applicable. The question of degeneration will illustrate our meaning as well as anything else. Most of the lamentation about it is due to the nervous rhetoric of certain very excitable and impressionable individuals. If they could calm themselves sufficiently to compare one period with another, they would soon be driven to the conclusion that, since the year 1870, we in Great Britain have made much progress in health. Our selection of the period is due to the fact that it was about then that questions of sanitation began to be taken seriously, and means adopted to get rid of the refuse and sewage alike in town and country in an intelligent manner. We have by no means reached perfection or anything like perfection yet, or otherwise all the rivers would be running pure, and what is taken from the land would be returned to it; but anyone who has studied the conditions of life as they were in 1870 would not for one moment contend that they are not vastly improved in 1905. Even the assertion that they are improved the statistician would not take for granted. He would again resort to the logic of figures, and compare the number of deaths by epidemic diseases in the seventies with those which take place to-day; by this means he would demonstrate beyond the possibility of cavil that sanitation has vastly removed these causes of death. Moreover, he might, without transgressing any mathematical principles, draw a very safe inference from the facts as to the duties of doctors in the future.

In the past the business of the medical man has been almost exclusively one of cure; it has never been the custom to call him in till actual illness had taken place. In the future, if we are to go by the teaching of facts, his business will be much more prophylactic; that is to say, he will be asked to see that all reasonable precautions are taken to ensure healthy conditions of life. Questions of drainage, ventilation, and water supply ought to lie within his province. Few will deny that this is the teaching of the last thirty years. In regard to food, the statistician plays a very similar part. A tourist—even an intelligent tourist—goes abroad and stumbles by chance on a poor family that lives better than a family in a similar status of society in England would do, and comes back to arraign a whole nation. Even so accomplished an observer as Richard Jefferies fell into this error. He made a journey through a part of France—Brittany, if we remember rightly—and found that the peasant in those quarters was a much better cook than his English contemporary, that he did not alternate as our people do between hot and cold joints, but could make soup and various other concoctions that at once pleased and satisfied the appetite. Jefferies drew the conclusion that the French peasant lives much better than the English peasant. He was entirely wrong, because he drew his inferences from the impression of a single individual, namely, himself, and not from facts that could be applied all round. If he had taken the infallible Mullhall and ascertained the quantities of meat, bread, fruit, and vegetables consumed per capitum in England, as compared with France, or indeed any other Continental country, he would have found that our peasants live much better than those on the Continent, or at any rate the only way in which anyone can escape from this conclusion is by asserting that our labourers and their wives are more wasteful. They have never been taught to make the most of what was in their possession, as have those of a similar class on the Continent of Europe. But then, that again is only a proof of the poverty of the latter. We need not go further than the Northern part of this island to find that in an industrious nation poverty naturally brings forth the virtues of frugality and economy. Though in a nation that is not industrious like Ireland, it is apt to breed sloth only.

Perhaps the popular appreciation of the statistical method is nowhere demonstrated more curiously than in its general application to athletics. In cricket, we not only have the merits of the players gauged by their scores, but a comparison between the batting of various teams is procured by comparing the rate per hour at which the runs were made. Even in billiards—a game which one would think not subject to statistics—it has become a habit of reporters to state the average break, and the average number of points made per hour. The object, of course, is to produce a fairly accurate comparison between one player and another, and between one match and another; nor can anyone deny that it lessens the chance of sharp practice. The billiard-player who is accustomed to make breaks of a certain average, and score so many in the hour, dare scarcely depart from this habit without incurring some suspicion as to his good faith; but that is only an out-of-the-way example in which the test of statistics is unexpectedly applied.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. W. H. Pawson and her son Hargrave. Mrs. Pawson is the eldest daughter of Captain Upton Gaskell of Ingersley, Cheshire, and married Mr. W. H. Pawson of Shawdon, Northumberland, in 1902.



THE innocents have at last been slaughtered, and the way is practically clear for the rise of Parliament before the festival of Saint Grouse. Probably legislators of both Houses of Parliament will be heartily glad to get rid of their duties, for the past Session has been one distinguished for worry rather than for work. Where great measures have to be discussed, fatigue itself becomes bearable and almost pleasant; but neither Conservative nor Liberal would dissent from the statement that the past Session has mainly been one of acrimonious debate and trifling labour. What would make them all the more pleased to see the end of the Session is that, as our reports demonstrate, the grouse season promises to be one of the most notable of recent years, and no doubt many of the people's representatives are dreaming now, not so much of what they are going to do in the way of law-making, as of their chances of making big bags, and even breaking records, as soon as they get on the moors and feel the cool mountain air about them and the heather beneath their feet. It will invigorate them for the future, whatever may lie in it, be that a possible dissolution or only a campaign among the constituencies.

The tenth report of the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding is a fairly satisfactory document. It proves that the show of this year is in advance of those held previously. The principal advantage lies in the elimination of unsound stallions. No doubt the tests applied gave rise to a certain amount of dissatisfaction amongst owners, as they are tolerably severe, and it may occasionally happen that a sound horse gets thrown. We know at least of one instance of that kind, but on the whole they ensure the stamina of the animals. The action of the Commissioners in taking the Turf career of the animals into account is most satisfactory. After all, the very best judge may be deceived as long as he trusts only to his power of inspection. Moreover, he is always tempted to give too much attention to mere "points"; but the horse that can run and has run with success on the Turf has given substantial proof of his fitness for stud purposes. The Commissioners draw particular attention to the remount question, and say that great benefit would come to the public service, and much encouragement would be given to breeders to keep only sound stallions and to rear horses only fit for use in the British Army, if the breeders knew that the Remount Department were purchasers of their young stock.

The report issued by the Board of Trade on the report of the Companies Winding-up Act is full of suggestive reading. It shows, for one thing, that the complaints made of dullness on the Stock Exchange during the past year or two have had a solid foundation of fact. In 1896 4,391 companies were registered, with a total nominal capital of £285,000,000, the average nominal capital of each being £66,000; but in 1904 the companies registered had fallen to less than 3,500 in number, and instead of £285,000,000 the total nominal capital was not quite £84,000,000, while the average nominal capital had sunk from £66,000 to £24,000. It would be most interesting to know exactly the reasons for this change. One of them given in the report is that numbers of companies are registered abroad in order to evade the legal charges in England, and also the regulations of the Public Companies' Acts. This is a very serious fact, and raises some curious topics for speculation. If we could assume

that only those companies that are of a fraudulent nature were registered abroad we should be well content; but a section of the public holds that the regulations are somewhat too stringent. Another bad sign of the times to which the report draws attention is the reluctance of many new companies to issue prospectuses. This often prevents them altogether from registering themselves as limited liability companies.

The past few weeks have seen a great, though quiet, revival of naval activity in the chief departments of the Admiralty. The possibility of a change of Government and a General Election made it imperative to settle at once and to put out the contracts which only waited for final sanction, and these are of a most important character. Sir John Fisher is immensely impressed by the advantages of speed for all warships, and he will not consent to "potter" and wait on events. For one thing, steam turbines are to replace the screw, a vast and important change, in many of the new ships. Many turbine destroyers are ordered, and others proposed. But more than this, a huge battleship and a first-class cruiser are also to be fitted with them. A great advance is to be made in speed in destroyers and scouts. Lately a number of the latter, costing £250,000 each, yet only able to go 25 knots, were ordered and built. The minimum speed for the new destroyers is to be 34 knots, and one scout of 1,500 tons is to carry machinery capable of developing 28,000 horse-power, or a little less than double the power of the Royal Sovereign battleship. The change in European conditions, and the agreement with France, have led to the abandonment of any idea of enlarging Chatham, but Rosyth, on the East Scotch Coast, will become a first-class naval port.

THE TRODDEN WAY.

In green and pleasant places fain would we stay,
Nor follow on the hot and dusty highway,
Trodden of many feet, white with the stages
Of the shadeless road, that yields for wages
Spent strength at noontide, and at fall of cool night,
Hot weariness, parched mouth, and sun-dazed sight.
Glaring and dusty ways, these be our's to tread,
Hawking cheap wares we make to buy the day's bread.
While green and pleasant places stretch at our feet,
Deep shadowed grass for rest, fragrant meadow-sweet,
Green—but not for us, fragrant—for those who stray
At will, unwitting of the dusty highway.

G. M. G.

The use of turbine engines for steamships continues to increase in favour. The latest boat thus equipped is one that is running on the cross-Channel service between Newhaven and Dieppe. The merits of these engines embrace much economy of space, an added stability to the ship by reason of the weight of the engines lying low in the vessel, and an absence of smell and noise. The principal difference, however, which the passenger will notice between a boat driven by turbine engines and by the older kinds respectively, is the absence in the former of all vibration from the screw. To speak thus, without modification, is no mere figure of speech; the vibration is virtually absent; and it is this quality, perhaps, more than any other, that will cause turbine engines to be appreciated for use in passenger boats, and, above all, in yachts. Very much of the distress and headache of those who suffer from sea-sickness is due to the simple vibration of the screw, and many suffer in the head from this cause, although the sea is perfectly smooth. It is a cause of suffering that is removed by the use of turbine engines, and it is not too much to say that a steam yacht can hardly be deemed quite "up to date" that now has engines of any other kind. Nevertheless, Mr. Struver, engineer to the North German Lloyd Company, appears to have reported unfavourably on these engines to his company—a conclusion which may be much to the advantage of the British passenger lines.

There are many quarters of Central London in which almost every word heard spoken in the streets is French, German, or Italian, just as there are streets in the East End in which a peculiarly foreign effect is produced by Hebrew characters being the rule and ordinary Roman ones the exception upon the shop-fronts. The presence of foreign residents in London is, in fact, so evident on every side that most people will probably be surprised to learn, on the authority of statistics quoted by a French newspaper, that the number of foreigners in London is not half so great as the total of those residing in Paris, where there are said to be 200,000. There is no other capital nearly so cosmopolitan, St. Petersburg coming next after London with an estimated total of 23,000. The Germans are the most numerous nationality in Paris, and their numbers have of late been largely increasing. The number of French in Berlin, on the other hand, is small,

though an important part in the life of the Prussian capital was played for many generations by the families encouraged to settle by the Great Elector, who long preserved their independent national character.

The necessity for finding topics of interest during the slack season makes our daily contemporaries acquainted with strange controversies. One of the latest to evoke a cloud of correspondence is that relating to the religious opinions of the late Lord Tennyson; but few of those who write seem to realise that the late laureate was a man whose brain remained capable of taking impressions until the very last years of his life. He was different from some others who, as it were, flower at a comparatively early period, and never make further progress. Of such, for example, was the late John Bright, who after having reached maturity at a comparatively early period of life made no further advance. But some of the poems written by Lord Tennyson when he had passed the three-score-and-ten years allotted to man by the Psalmist, were as fine and vigorous as those composed soon after he left the University. It is, therefore, ridiculous to quote such early poems as "The May Queen" and "In Memoriam" in order to prove his convictions. That he was during a greater part of his life assailed by "honest doubt" is very evident, though what may be called his valedictory poem, "Sunset and Evening Star," seemed, especially in the last verse, as confirmatory of the belief of its writer as was any production by Keble.

By the beginning of August the ordinary landscape of wood and meadows is showing its dullest summer tones, and there is a noticeable diminution in the number of blossoming flowers. But it is just at this time that a stretch of fir and heather, such as in Southern England occupies large parts of Berkshire, Surrey, and Hants, is in its greatest brilliance and beauty. The magnificent display of the heather blossoms seems all the finer because it comes when the free bloom of most flowers is over, and the other characteristic vegetation which accompanies it is particularly fresh and green at this time of year. The bracken, for example, is a late grower, and was barely above ground in the midst of the profuse May blossom; but now it is rich and tall, and it keeps its tender green much better than most plants of summer. Both gorse and broom, which a couple of months ago looked very shabby after their burst of bloom was over, have now put forth fresh green shoots, which greatly refresh the eye at this period of the summer. And the firs themselves are incapable, being evergreens, of producing that effect of tarnished splendours which always tends to be suggested by deciduous trees in their August foliage. The heather is full of bees, butterflies, and exquisite little demoiselle dragon-flies, and the whole place seems overflowing with freshness and life.

Australia has only contributed one bird to our English domesticated races—the black swan. This was originally brought here some sixty years ago, and caused great doubts as to its becoming acclimatised, because it kept to its Antipodean breeding season, and laid in January. Now it has accommodated itself to our seasons, and a very good proof of this is the recent adventures of a pair on the "long water" north of the Serpentine. Just below the terraces and overflow, where the fountains are at the Paddington end, is a rustic clump of bulrushes and some half-submerged alder bushes. Well hidden in this, the swans made a very large and substantial nest, and laid four eggs, from which, on July 28th, four little grey cygnets hatched out. The old swan kept these on the nest for two days, though one climbed out and sat on her back. The two swans on Chiswick Eyot, the pair lowest down the river, hatched a couple of cygnets a day earlier. The first eggs were destroyed, out of wanton mischief, by local roughs who got on to the island. The swans then made a fresh nest in the centre of a jungle of osiers. How they brought the young through there to the river it is difficult to say; but they appeared with the two babies both sitting on their mother's back.

The reports and estimates now to hand in regard to the fruit crop of Great Britain are not of a very encouraging kind, especially if we consider the increased amount of capital that has during recent years been put into this line of business. During the last thirty years orchards have increased in area from 148,000 acres to 243,000 acres, and small fruit farms from 70,000 acres to 80,000 acres in seven years. These figures show that a number of small capitalists are dependent on the fruit crop for a livelihood. In no other industry is prudence more required, because all the scientific horticulture in the world is not able to prevent the recurrence of bad years like the present. The main support of our orchards and market gardens in the way of fruit is the apple; and not one in three of the apple crops is up to the average, while many have altogether failed. The plum season has been equally disastrous. Pears are a very bad crop; and the bush fruits have in very few cases reached

anything like the average. The reason for all this appears to lie in the very cold weather that occurred during May and the early weeks of June, a most critical factor in the development of fruit. The facts go to show that the market gardener ought not, metaphorically speaking, to put all his eggs in one basket; he should join poultry-keeping with his fruit production.

Circumstances over which we seem to have no control—such, for example, as rates and taxes—incline us now and then to the conclusion that we are rather over-civilised, and in such moods our sympathy, if not our envy, goes forth very readily to the poor gipsies, who are free of these common encumbrances. The gipsies who have lately been evicted, in a rather dramatic manner, from their well-known home at Blackpatch near Birmingham, have a special claim on our sympathy from the fact that they had been in possession of the shanties—now destroyed—for a period of twenty years or so. It is, of course, a period only about one-third the duration of that which is required to give a legal right of possession, but no doubt it was long enough to convey to the gipsy a conviction that he had an established right to the home of his fathers. The Blackpatch gipsies of both sexes—for there were Amazons among them—asserted this conviction with stones and knives and pokers; but the myrmidons of law were in strong force, and the picturesque party had to yield after a few prisoners had been taken. After all, does it not almost seem to involve a contradiction in terms that one who is so typically a nomad as the gipsy should make claim to a fixed home? The gipsies' chapel, for which they pay rent, was very properly spared.

A NOCTURNE.

Restless I turned on my bed, in a fever twixt waking and dreaming,
Sudden I rose and went out, through the paths of the desolate night;
Dark was the face of the sky, and only the pale stars were gleaming,
As in a dream I passed to a place of remembered delight.
How did I know you would come from your holy and haunted repose,
Through the deep meadows of dew, o'er the silent and sorrowful
streams?
How did I know you would come with your passionate perilous rose,
Flitting alone through the night with the fugitive beauty of dreams?
It was my voice that you heard calling out through the infinite spaces,
It was your step that I knew, as you woke from your dreams and arose;
It was the pain at our hearts brought our feet to the beautiful places;
And it's only the stars that saw, and 'tis only the night that knows.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

One of the effects of the contest in the Far East is that the Japanese gardeners have not been sending us, perhaps they have not been growing, anything like the number of bulbs and other young plant life that they had been in the habit of shipping to us for some years before the war. The natural result is that the supply has failed to meet the demand, which it had a chief share in creating, and this is especially to be regretted at a time when so many of the bamboos seem to be reaching the stage of flowering, and subsequent death—such kinds are Simoni, Nigra, and Henonis. Whether we adopt the common theory that the arrival of this phase depends on the age of the original parent stock, or whether we have private theories of our own to account for it, the fact remains that we are losing some of the varieties at the very time when it is not easy to replace them. For the plants that grow from bulbs we are not so dependent on the original source of supply.

It is difficult to know what inference to draw from the statistics of post-cards which have been drawn up by the Postal Union for the year 1903. Originally, when post-cards were first introduced, they were decidedly out of favour with the general public, but there has been a considerable change lately, which perhaps may be due to the popularisation of the picture post-card. At any rate, whatever may be the cause, Germany now heads the list, having had posted in it no fewer than 1,161,000,000 post-cards in the course of the twelve months. Even the United States did not come near that total, though the population exceeds that of Germany by nearly one-half. Japan used to hold a prominent place as a user of post-cards, but has now come down to fourth on the list, the inhabitants of Germany availing themselves at present of as many post-cards as the United States and Japan together. Other countries are left quite behind, no one of them reaching a total of 300,000,000. Curiously enough, the places are quite changed when we come to study the number of letters used in each country. Here the United States is far ahead of all other countries with 4,109,000,000, while Great Britain comes next with 2,597,000,000, and Germany follows, a bad third. Perhaps the only safe inference is that where post-cards preponderate over letters, the character of the nation is more economical, or it may be—and this comes to the same thing—the people are poorer.

The admirable faculty of the Japanese for making provision for the future event never has been more strikingly illustrated than in the care which they are taking to make themselves acquainted with the methods of our fishermen on the Dogger Bank. Mr. Kata is the name of the Japanese official to whom this inspection of our fisheries is entrusted, and the main motive of the inspection is said to be that the Japanese may be able to make the best possible use of the island of Saghalien as a fishing

station so soon as it falls completely under their control; for the purpose of a fishing station it is said to be admirably adapted. That it will fall into the absolute possession of Japan is an event that the Japanese themselves evidently do not doubt. At the same time, it is very doubtful whether many people in the West would have so much prevision as thus to study the arts of peace in preparation for the time when the arts of war may be abandoned in their favour.

NATURE'S MIDSUMMER ORCHESTRA.

AS the summer advances and the singing of the birds ceases—for the bird song is purely a love song and heard only during the mating and breeding season—a larger, more insistent, if less musical, orchestra gradually tunes up, for this is the season of our insect instrumentalists: the locusts, katydids, cicadas, crickets, etc.

The birds are Nature's greatest vocalists, but the members of the chorus that now can be heard in an ever-increasing volume of sound are the true instrumentalists, for they make no sounds with their mouths, none of the insects being provided with vocal organs. And yet what a constantly vibrant, whirring chorus they make throughout our fields and meadows during the long, hot, drowsy days of midsummer and early autumn; and what a fit accompaniment it is to these sunny days when the mere effort of living seems sometimes an exertion, and when Nature herself appears to doze.

The members of this orchestra belong to the great order Orthoptera, and the entire troupe is made up of the members of but three families in this order—the short-horned grasshoppers or true locusts (acridiidae), the long-horned grasshoppers (locustidae), and the crickets (gryllidae). The musical effort in every case is made by rubbing or beating some portion of the body against some other portion, these parts being so arranged and modified by Nature that when they come into contact they produce the rasping note, or series of notes, as the case may be, called the insect's song. With some, as the

crickets, the sound is produced by rubbing one set of wings against the other; with others it is made upon a membrane situated at the base of the wings and stretched tight like a drumhead; while still others are true violinists, making their music by drawing their hind legs along the outer edge of the wing covers. These midsummer singers are omnipresent at this season, for they may be found and heard in greater or lesser numbers almost anywhere, and it is difficult to discover the

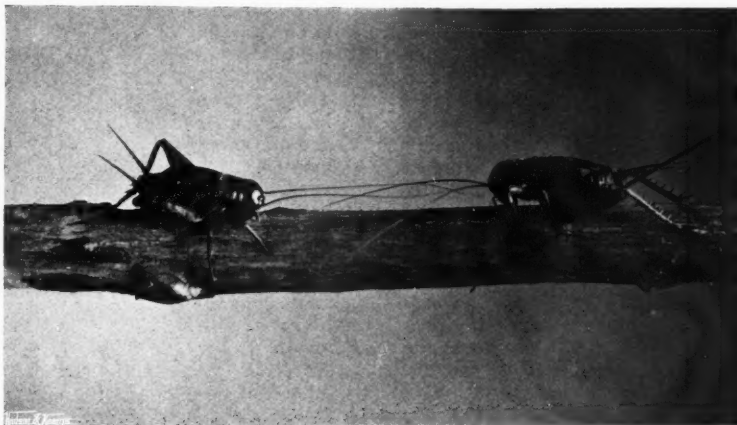
place where one may escape from the continuous whirring, swinging sound of their music. Nor would I, for one, desire to escape it, for it is part of the perfect fulness of a summer's noon, and without it the day would somehow seem to be incomplete.

The most pretentious musicians of the entire orchestra belong to the locustidae, the long-horns—which family comprises the green grasshoppers, those species whose antennae are extremely long, fragile, and hairlike. The musical apparatus of the males is situated at the base of the wing covers, and consists of a curiously developed, drumlike membrane. Undoubtedly, the most familiar member of this family is the katydid. This little creature is a day as well as a night singer, but it is the night song with which we are better acquainted, and with excellent reason, for during

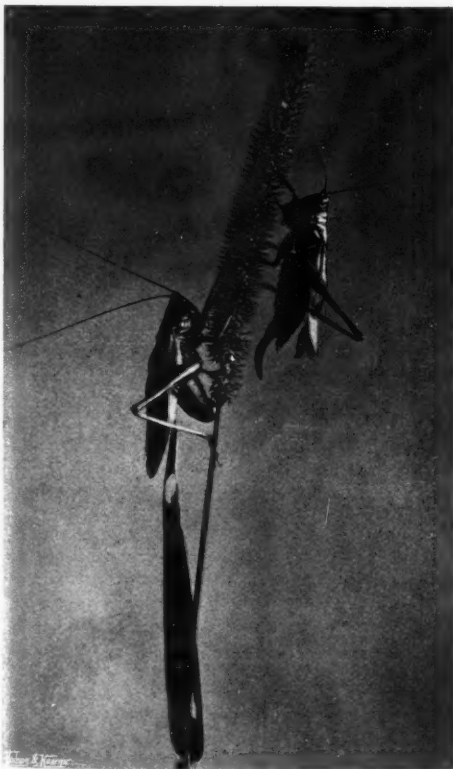
the latter part of August and throughout September the night is made resonant by the sound of their garrulous, quarrelsome voices. There is a farmer's myth concerning this insect, that exactly six weeks from the time the first one is heard will occur the first frost of the year.

Despite the fact that events seldom prove this little musician to be a correct weather prophet, there are many who still believe in him, and would rather think Nature at fault in not sending the frost to time than that he had made a mistake. The call of this insect more often consists of but two notes instead of three, and these two

are of equal and quite extraordinary emphasis. When the three notes are given, however, the first and second are of equal length and the last a trifle longer. The notes are repeated at the rate of about 200 a minute, and when we stop to consider that this is kept up, practically without a stop, during the entire night, and every night of the insect's life, we may realise what an enormous amount of energy and strength must be contained in this diminutive body. The katydid is arboreal in his habits, and his night song is delivered from among the leaves of our tallest trees. During the day, however, he is content to mingle with



COMMON FIELD CRICKETS.



COMMON MEADOW GRASSHOPPERS.



KATYDIDS.



GRASSHOPPER AND SNOWY TREE CRICKET.

August fields are familiar, though few know whence it emanates. Rising high and clear above the intermingled burr of the myriad smaller insects, it comes to us with repeated insistence, "tzip-tzip-tzip-tzip-tzip-tzee-e-e-e-e," apparently so close at hand that we are certain its author must be within our very reach. He is something of a ventriloquist, however, and should we approach the spot where we think he is hidden, the song will, seemingly, recede before us, until we have covered several yards before we can be certain that we are close by his hiding-place. Even then we may look in vain for him, as with our close approach he has stopped his singing, and his colour so closely matches that of his perch that it is almost impossible to detect him until he moves. He is about 1 in. in length, with transparent wings, through which the outline of his body can be seen. His legs are long and exceedingly fragile-looking, and one wonders, when seeing the long and apparently reckless jumps which he takes, that he manages to avoid breaking them.

All grasshoppers can lose one or both of their jumping legs without any apparent inconvenience except the loss of the power to jump, and when captured, if held by these legs alone, will

almost invariably leave them both in the fingers of their captor and crawl away without them, seeming to prefer the loss of these limbs to being held captive. Let us watch one of these meadow grasshoppers, if we can find him, and see if we can discover how his music is made. At the base of the wing covers, directly at the back of the collar or thorax, there is plainly discernible a small, glassy spot. This is his tambourine or drum. When he is

ready to perform upon it his wings vibrate with such rapidity as to appear indistinct, and by a few convulsive movements he so beats upon this glass-like spot as to produce the rasping strain already described, which may be heard, in endless repetition, throughout the fields and meadows during the late summer and autumn months.

The cone-headed grasshopper (*Conocephalus ensiger*) is another member of the meadow

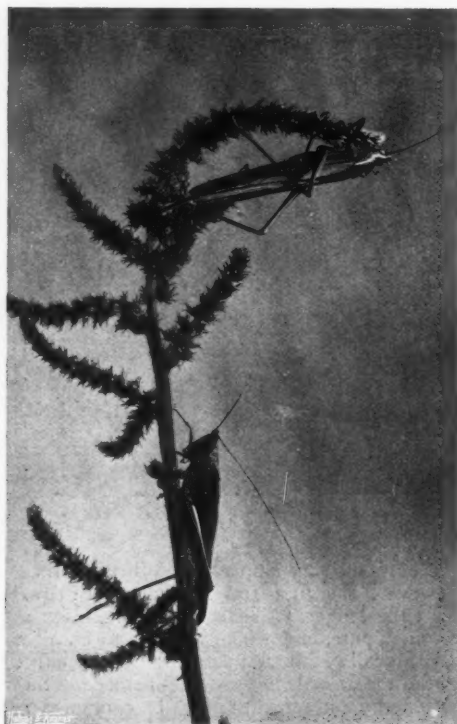
orchestra whose notes cannot be missed among the innumerable other sounds, for the harsh, grating, file-like tones of his solo so persistently intrude themselves upon the ears as to preclude any possibility of our not hearing it. It is composed of a single note, repeated again and again with rapidity and peculiar monotony, "Zip-zip-zip-zip-zip-zip-zip," always as though implying more and better to come, for which we expectantly wait, but never reaching beyond the prelude. He is a comical-looking fellow, long and attenuated, whose antics are extremely grotesque. His wings, nearly twice the length of his body, as well as the body itself, are of a shade of green, that so closely matches the colour of the vegetation in which he hides himself that, when he is at rest, it is almost impossible to distinguish him from his surroundings.

The short-horns, or true locusts, are the violinists of the troupe, making their music by pressing a hind leg into a groove beneath the thigh, and raising and lowering it, thus causing it to scrape against the stiff edge of the wing cover. They are common all over the world, with the exception of the far North, and some of them are among the most destructive of all the insects.

In some countries, notably Russia, India, and Africa, they have, at times, settled down in such enormous swarms as to destroy all vegetation, and have died in such numbers as to cause a sickening, deadly stench to arise from their putrefying bodies. Even in the United States we have an exceedingly injurious species, the Western grasshopper (*Melanopus spretus*). During the years 1874-76, these insects damaged the crops in the



YOUNG CRICKET.



CONE-HEADED GRASSHOPPERS.



TWO LONG-HORNS.

states of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Missouri to the extent of over 200,000,000 dol., and were, in consequence, made the subject of a special Government investigation which lasted through several years. In the East we have a close relative of this insect in the red-legged locust (*Melanopus femur-rubrum*), but, fortunately, he does not occur in sufficient numbers to be a menace to the crops. The song of these insects, while less musical and penetrating than that of their long-horned cousins, is one which, through the number of the performers, makes up in volume what it lacks in individual tone. It forms a sort of accompaniment to the solos of the more gifted performers, making an underlying, sustained hum, which is indispensable to the summer orchestra, and is, moreover, one of those sounds of Nature which, through constant association, we have learned to hear without noticing. Should it cease entirely, however, but for a moment, we should instantly realise that something out of the ordinary had happened, although we might not be able to tell just what it was. The short-horns have very short, stubby antennæ, and the hind legs are stout and much thickened at the thigh. By these two points alone they can always be readily distinguished from the long-horns. While in flight they nearly all make a clicking or whirring sound, which appears to be entirely under their control, and they will often hang almost motionless in the air, vibrating their wings with extreme rapidity, and giving forth this noise for minutes at a time.

The little coral-wing, the earliest of all the grasshoppers to appear, is a member of this family. He may be seen as early as the latter part of April, when he rises unexpectedly at our feet, and darts like a rosy streak over the tops of the grasses for a short distance, only to disappear again as suddenly as he appeared. His wing covers, of a dusty brown, cause him to be practically invisible as he rests upon the earth, and it is only when he springs into active life that we know of his whereabouts.

The family gryllidæ can be divided into three distinct groups: The true crickets, of which the common field cricket is the most typical form; the mole crickets, curious subterranean creatures, usually entirely wingless, whose front legs are modified into mere digging appliances, somewhat resembling those of a mole; and the tree crickets. If, on a night in August or September, we listen attentively, we shall hear a sound that we have heard many times before, but which is so closely associated with the pulsating stillness of these glorious nights that we have never particularly noted it. "Ter-reek, ter-reek, ter-reek, ter-reek, ter-reek," it comes to us from the mysterious darkness of the shrubbery: a delicate, refined song that is seldom heard as an absolute solo, but in a continuous united chorus that forms an underlying cadence to the other sounds of the night. Hawthorne speaks of it as an "audible stillness," and adds that "if moonlight could be heard it would sound like that." Thoreau called it "slumbrous breathing." In fact, there is some quality about its monotonous persistence that seems to pervade our entire being; and though we are not aware of the presence of any sound, when it ceases we know instantly that there is something lacking in the night. The author is the snowy tree cricket (*Ecanthus niveus*), a creature almost as ethereal in appearance as his song is in sound. With a delicate green body, white diaphanous wings, and long, extremely fragile legs, he looks as though the first touch of cold would kill him, and yet his song may be heard late in the year when nearly all the other insect "voices" are stilled.

The broad-winged, climbing cricket (*Ecanthus septennis*) is a close relative of this little fellow, but is a day performer, and altogether a more robust-looking individual. In producing his song his wings are raised over his back, forming a miniature double lyre, and are vibrated with such rapidity as to cause the eye to see nothing but a blurred, indistinct outline of their shape. This caused Gibson aptly to describe him as the "daintiest animated timbrel which the meadow orchestra can show."

The field cricket is well known to everyone, and neither he nor his song needs any description here. He is the nearest relative that we have in this country of the house cricket, the "cricket on the hearth," of Europe, and does himself often enter our houses, supposedly bringing good luck with him.

By far the superior, so far as volume of sound is concerned, of all these of whom I have been writing, although not classed in the same order with them, is the cicada, or, as he is commonly

but erroneously called, "locust." His voice is surely a part of the sultry heat of midsummer, for the more humid the atmosphere, the more intense and enervating the sun's rays, the more is he in evidence, and when the heat is so terrific as to make the mere act of moving an extreme exertion, then the cicada seems fairly to revel in life, and his song vibrates through the glowing, quivering air, with an intensity and penetrating power that speak of a fierce joy in living.

L. W. BROWNELL.

CHEAP COTTAGES ON EXHIBITION.

IT is undeniable that much service has already been done by the exhibition of cheap cottages now being held at "The Garden City," Letchworth, Herts. The Garden City is itself an interesting experiment, which must have been new to many of the visitors. The promoters of it have bought an estate of 3,800 acres, lying in the extreme north of Hertfordshire, about a mile and a-half from Hitchin. It is the property of a limited company, by whom it is now being developed as a site for an industrial and residential town. The idea is to some extent original, because of the method that has been adopted. The proprietors of Sunlight Soap practically built the town or village in which their works were carried on, and Messrs. Cadbury did something of the same kind, while in America there are several cases in which manufacturers have built dwellings round their factories. At Letchworth no individual manufacturer has taken the initiative, but preparations are being made to house a considerable number of workmen, on the assumption that the factories will be induced to remove from the crowded towns to these open spaces. Already, we are informed, a number of manufacturers have taken sites, and are preparing to construct works. The list, however, is not a very imposing one at present. It consists of a firm of motor manufacturers, the "Garden City Press," a firm of asphalt manufacturers, and another firm who are going to make geysers for baths. In addition to these, it is expected that a mineral-water company will take a site, and a few similar enterprises may do likewise. We confess that the prospect on being analysed is not quite so rosy as it might be. The idea is to get together a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, of whom the majority would be workmen, and whether there would be sufficient employment to keep them



THREE STAGES OF CICADAS.

going is a matter for the future. In the end it would be found that the owners of factories are actuated by purely commercial principles. At Letchworth they would have advantages in the way of open air, low rentals, comparatively light rates and taxes, and a first-rate railway service. Whether they will consider these to be sufficient compensation for being so far removed from some of the centres of population remains to be seen. In the meantime, it was certainly an admirable suggestion that architects and builders should be invited to come into competition for cheap cottages. In estimating the value of this show, it is necessary to take fully into account the various reasons that have made the demand for cheap cottages so imperative. What is the history of English cottages? They have come into existence in a number of very different ways. Some were put up by the landowners. As it is impossible for farming to be carried on without labour, in the majority of rural districts it is the custom to have a certain number of cottages on each holding, which are as necessary to-day as any other buildings; but of late years, when cottages fell out of repair, the landlord found himself unable to replace them, unless—a remote contingency—he were a rich man who could afford to do so at a loss. In regard to farm labourers, it has been demonstrated by figures that the average rent paid is not much more, if it exceeds, 1s. 6d. per week, and it is safe to say that no cottage that would only produce this return can be erected on a commercial basis. A very fair return for capital in building is 10 per cent., which leaves extremely little for the owner, if he pay the rates and taxes and do the repairing. On the other hand, many cottages were built by the owners themselves at a time when yeomen farmers were very numerous in the country. They were the small holders of the eighteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries; but most of the very picturesque

cottages in the Southern part of England were put up before. They were not people who could afford to employ architects, or to procure building materials from any distance, so that they had to trust to their own heads, and to the material that was lying close to them. Now, it is generally allowed to-day that it is necessary for the welfare of England that this class of occupier should be revived, and efforts are being made to this end. We have in Parliament a Select Committee which is considering the matter, and taking evidence throughout Great Britain from the various individual men and bodies of men who are working to the same end; but one of the most formidable obstacles to the formation of small holdings lies in the expense that would be involved in fitting out each with its cottage and out-buildings. Decidedly the cheap cottage is very much needed for the small holder as well as for the farm labourer, and a very great service would have been performed if it could have been shown that a satisfactory cottage could be erected in ordinary circumstances for a matter of, say, £150. Some of the builders at Letchworth claim to do this, but after making careful enquiries we have come to the conclusion that a number of these in every competition are wrongly described as £150 cottages. When the person in charge is asked, he tells one usually that several items of expense have been omitted.

In the particulars supplied by the builders it is stated in many cases that the cost is given "without profit," so that it can be duplicated by adding profit, architect's fees, and men's travelling expenses. Our enquiries showed that nothing was allowed for the site, which would be a matter of great consideration for the small owner, and one which would scarcely be left out of account even by the possessors of great estates. Draining was another matter for which sufficient allowance was not generally made. Thus it is probable that anyone who ran away with the idea that cottages such as those on exhibition could be built for £150 would be gravely disappointed when it came to the actual putting up of the buildings. There is, we need hardly say, a great amount of elasticity in the extras attached to building, and the frequent use of the word "about" would lead those who have any experience to be suspicious as to the cost.

In regard to the construction of the buildings there are a few interesting minor points that would be of much service to those about to erect cottages; but as far as the artisans are concerned, few of the builders seem to thoroughly understand the elementary facts of the situation. The first and most important of these is that in a cottage no servant whatever is employed, and the work therefore has all to be done by one woman. For this reason those cottages that are all on the ground floor are to be preferred, as making the work easier; but if there is an upper floor the stairs leading to the bedrooms ought to be easily ascended and perfectly straight. Some which we noticed in the cottages under exhibition were extremely inconvenient to go up and down by, even if one were not carrying anything; but, supposing that there was a case of illness in one of the bedrooms, the woman who had to carry food and other necessaries from the kitchen to the patient would find the work very much increased in difficulty by the want of simplicity and ingenuity displayed in the construction of the stairs. Another point that has to be taken into consideration is that the workman's cottage is usually inhabited by a man and woman of average type and by four or five robust and healthy children. Now, some of the cottages that might do very well for week-end houses appear to us to be much too gimcrack for the hard usage of the family of a working man. The week-ender, as a rule, belongs to a class of society which possesses fairly good furniture, and is in the

habit of taking care of things; but what is wanted for the working man is something extremely solid and strong, so that it cannot be broken by a reasonable amount of rough usage. It would be most interesting to see these cottages after a winter, during which they had been inhabited by the family of a healthy English labourer. It would not, however, be possible to over-praise the ingenuity displayed in some of the contrivances, where the architect or the builder seems to have taken thoroughly into account the needs of the poor family, and catered for them.

As an example, we may refer to one cottage in which the arrangement of the bath was at one and the same time economical of space, and particularly adaptable to the wants of the cottager. The builders seemed to understand that the way of cottage people is to take their bath not in the bedroom, but as near as possible to the kitchen fire. Accordingly it was placed in a back kitchen, a plan, in truth, many of the builders had adopted. Some of them had arranged for it to be pushed into a recess when it was not in use; others had it stood up on end, but in this case a large top came down, and formed a table of it, a table which had the additional advantage of being quite close to the sink. The water for the bath was heated in a large boiler meant for clothes, with a fire beneath; and this in itself is not a small advantage, because it only requires a few sticks to heat the water, whereas the outlay on oil or gas would always be a matter of consideration for the cottager. It was a most convenient arrangement, and only one of many inventions which the interested visitor will deem of great value.

MR. ROWLAND WARD'S MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

ON June 3rd some account was given in these pages of the great delay and difficulty experienced in obtaining true-bred Mongolian pheasants for change of blood in our coverts, and of a very successful effort at rearing a stock made at Westernhanger in Kent by Mr. C. E. M. Russell, F.Z.S. Mr. Russell at last obtained a number of birds from Mr. Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg (the same who obtained the wild horses from Dsungaria), who had previously procured these pheasants for the Hon. Walter Rothschild. Most of these were cocks, but six hens came late in the season, and these, though very tired by the journey across two continents, laid some eggs, and nine healthy hen chicks were reared. From these 269 pure-bred eggs were obtained up to May 21st last. Besides these, a large number of eggs were laid by ordinary pheasant hens mated with pure Mongolian cocks, thus giving a hybrid, perfectly fertile, with the advantage of the new blood.

The object in turning down the Mongolians is to strengthen our stock by a larger, faster flying, more robustly constituted, and generally more vigorous race. It cannot be supposed that they will keep to themselves in the coverts, with so much native stock around them, but will take to themselves wives or husbands of the English and Chinese stock. Thus the first thing to be desired was that Mr. Russell's pheasant farm should be used by the owners of shooting to obtain the new blood on a considerable scale, and also that, if possible, in spite of the difficulties, some more pure-bred birds should be brought from the East.



MONGOLIAN COCK PHEASANT.



MONGOLIAN HEN PHEASANT.

This has been done on an amply sufficient scale by Mr. Rowland Ward, whose name is a household word in matters concerning big game, but who has for many years devoted the same careful interest and trained observation to improved methods of rearing game. His success in rearing pheasants in natural conditions—*i.e.*, living loose in a wired-in covert of two acres, with all the hens running with them and scratching for food, instead of being confined in coops—was the subject of a very interesting article by Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier many years ago. He also used turkey hens as mothers with excellent results.

At present he is the tenant of Necton Hall in Norfolk, near Swaffham, and though he had no time to devote personal attention to rearing the birds, he determined to rear on a scale which would leave a good margin in case of accidents. The great difficulty was to procure the stock. For this he was indebted to three sources: The Hon. Walter Rothschild, the pioneer in this much-needed improvement of our pheasant blood, presented him with ten half-bred cocks; from Mr. Carl Hagenbeck of the Thiergarten, Hamburg, he obtained last autumn three pure Mongolian cocks from the Far East; and from Mr. Russell he purchased 200 eggs of the cross between the pure Mongolian cock and the common pheasant hen. The pure-bred cocks even now, though moulting, are splendid game-looking birds; while the progeny, both of them and of the half-bred cocks, and also the chicks hatched from Mr. Russell's eggs, have been a great success. The three pure-bred cocks and the ten half-breds from Tring were assigned sixty ordinary pheasant hens. These were placed in separate long pens netted in on the top, from four to five hens being given to each cock. They laid an average of eighteen eggs each, and of these a good percentage were fertile. When the young birds were hatched, it was naturally a matter of great interest to see whether they showed any or all of the qualities claimed for them. These are, briefly—(1) That they are extremely hardy, and that the chicks do not mind cold and damp to the extent to which they are felt by our birds. (2) That they grow very quickly, and come to maturity much sooner than the English pheasant (Mr. Rothschild says that cock birds hatched in June and shot in November were as large and weighed as much as two year old common pheasants), and that later they

fly much faster than common pheasants, and show no greater tendency to stray. Besides this there is the great advantage of a complete change of blood.

So far as their lives have extended, especially through the critical first weeks, these half-bred Mongolians have quite justified all that has been claimed for them. They were never sick or sorry, in spite of the cold, wet, and east winds which prevailed so much after they were hatched that a very large proportion of the young wild pheasants in the woods died. They wanted no special feeding, but took the same as the others, while thriving far better. They "went on" without any set-back. Especially they developed, what a keeper likes to see in his young birds, good thick legs. The head-keeper, who has been engaged in the business all his working life, as was his father before him, says that, compared with the Mongolian, the common pheasant chick's legs "looked like pins." When young common pheasants got

among them they could be distinguished at once. They are very good "doers" later. By July 22nd many of the earlier Mongolians were as large as full-grown common hen pheasants, and these Necton common pheasants are fine, healthy birds, living on soil which suits them well.

It will be extremely interesting when the shooting season comes round to see how these birds come to the gun, and whether the experience of Necton will equal that at Tring, where the half-bred Mongolians were such an all-round success.

Next year Mr. Ward intends to have all his birds through the laying season in one large pen. The cocks are very quiet, and have so far shown no disposition to fight. This plan is far simpler and less expensive. Instead of sheep-netting, which is costly, or thick wire-netting, which is also dear, he means to use only cheap 4in. wire net of the lightest kind. The birds will not break it, and it can be used with quite light supports instead of heavy ones. Otherwise no extra trouble is involved in keeping the Mongolians. The difficulty is to get the stock. So many enquiries are made as to this that it seems well to point out that the pure birds, for the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Russell, were obtained by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, the Thiergarten, Hamburg; while Mr. Russell has pure eggs, and has probably kept a number of pure-bred birds at the Mongolian Pheasantry, Westernhanger,



MONGOLIAN CHICK.

near Hythe, Kent. The great thing is to multiply the centres where the pure or the half-bred birds exist. It is possible that Mr. Ward may catch up a good number of half-bred cocks before this season, with a view to widening the effect of what he has already done. It will be noticed how much even a single centre of dispersion can effect. Mr. Rothschild was the pioneer. Then pure-bred as well as half-bred eggs and young were multiplied at Westernhanger. Now Necton Hall makes a third centre, but so far for half-breds only. But

this addition of the entirely fresh blood is of enormous importance to the future race of English pheasants. It is to be hoped that the Mongolian will not be allowed to have things all its own way. The Japanese green-breasted pheasant is also a beautiful and very large bird, and after the war we may quite expect that Japan will be to the front in exporting the birds. Colonel Marsden Sunderland's Prince of Wales's pheasants at Findon, near Worthing, are also a pure stock which it is to be hoped will multiply.

THE MILL AND THE RIVER.

WHO can wonder that the men of old thought the river to be a god, and the spirit of the springs incarnate in the fair forms of the water nymphs? To the ordinary thinking mind, kept fresh by the power of imagination, the river is the emblem of life. It lives itself, and is everlasting. It is the cause of life, and the container of lives which will not live outside its liquid element. In this the river is greater even than the air. For it

drop of rain that falls from heaven sinks and percolates, maintain an even, level, and constant flow. But the change and mystery of the Southern rivers are the work not of material forces, but of the coming of dusk and twilight, when night is stealing on and changing the face of the waters. Twilight in the forest or the field is mainly marked by the gradual loss of light, the deepening of shadows, and the obscuring of detail and outline. Twilight on the river and moon



C. Job.

WIND AND WATER.

Copyright.

supports more life than does air, and its more buoyant element can carry on its surface vessels greater and more teeming than ever was the Ark of Noah. Everlasting as is the flow of the river, it is the most mutable of natural things. If it is a swift and rushing stream, it is sprung from the mountains, and is fed by rains and mists distilled upon their summits, where the clouds discharge at levels high above the valleys in which no rain is falling, and where the sun dances on the waters unveiled by clouds or vapours. Such rivers for ever rise and fall. No two days see the water at the same level, or the pools holding the same volume. The strength of the river varies from that of a giant to that of an infant, or, to keep to riverine language, from the force of the torrent to the weakness of the brook. One day it foams over the summit of the crags, and rolls boulders roaring down its bed, which scoop and chisel the marble rocks into fantastic curves and basins. On another it can be waded across without wetting the knee. These varying aspects of Nature on the wild rivers of the North might be thought to be without parallel on the full and flowing streams of the South, which, fed as they are, not by the snows of mountain storms, but from the springs and syphons welling from the bosom of the chalk and oolite into which every

light on the river are not negative, but creative. This is due to the part played on the water-surface by reflections. The surface of earth grows black as the light fades. The surface of the water becomes brighter, reflecting every beam, and also picturing all the light in the sky, and the changed forms and shadows of trees and buildings by the bank. All the "values" alter in this new medium, and the river itself seems to grow vastly larger than by day. Where the dark trees alternate with gaps and breaks, there many streams seem to leave the parent river and flow out into the fields and misty darkness. It is difficult when steering a launch on the Thames at night not to head the boat down one of these imaginary rivers, which seem so real. On the Northern streams night exaggerates the sound of the many waters, while it summons to the banks a chorus of the strange voices of nocturnal birds, which, whatever their size or form, all utter weird notes from the darkness—sudden, vociferous, and alarming.

The connection between the river and the mill is almost as old as history in this country. There can be no doubt that the Romans first set up water-mills here. But since that remote time they have come to be regarded almost as a natural feature in river scenery, to which the



W. A. J. Hensler.

SEDGES AND SILENCE.

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W. A. J. Hensler.

A MIST ON THE STREAM.

Copyright.

mill dam on the slower streams, and the mill cut on the faster ones, contribute so much point and beauty. No stream, from the tiniest brook to the stately Thames, seems to have been too small or too large for our ancestors so to utilise that it should turn a mill. Water-power was the one source of power and was valued accordingly, and never wasted. One mill wheel was hung almost on the roaring waves of the Atlantic, on the west side of the Lizard promontory. A stream gushed out so near the cliff that scarcely 30yds. of slope lay between the spring and the point at which the spouting waters leap over 100ft. of black serpentine into the sea. Yet here the ancient owners managed to make a tiny mill reservoir, which turned the wheel and the grindstones, hanging almost over the edge of the crag where the chough and rock-pigeons built their nests.

One of the illustrations accompanying this article shows a windmill by the side of a stream. This sounds rather like a contradiction, for the river might be expected to turn a water-

mill and to make windmills needless. But on the true marsh-lands there is so little fall, and the streams have so imperceptible a current, that they will not turn water-mills. But there is a free play of wind across the flats, which are famous places for the tall tower mills. Grinding corn or barley or beans, or pumping water from the dykes, the windmill puts the lazy stream to shame. But it is far different on the landscapes of the South, and

especially of the whole Thames Valley. The mills are the most consistently picturesque feature of the whole length of Thames. As a rule, they are built out from the shore across to an artificial or natural island. The main stream is then dammed by a weir, and the main force of the river descends in a waterfall below the wheel, the floats of which it catches with its full weight. There are mills on the Thames that have been turning and grinding for at least nine centuries. The buildings have decayed, the mill-stones have been ground thin and flat, the piles have rotted and been renewed;



A. Smith.

THE MILL POOL.

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but, as stone and wood wasted, they were replaced, and the untiring river, day and night, week in week out, has performed its task for the benefit of man. No spots of the earth's surface have seen such continuous and fruitful labour for human food as the sites of these old mills. The wine-press of the South is empty for eleven months in the year; the well is drawn from but a few times in the day; the windmill only turns when there is wind to turn it: but the water works day and night, effortless and untiring, and it only remains for man to use its ceaseless energy. It is a sad sight to see one of these ancient homes—dwelt in by the millers and their proverbially pretty daughters ever since the days of Edward the Confessor, recorded in Domesday Book, owned by knights or abbots, colleges or nunneries, and always well managed, and types of wholesome English homes and workshops combined—fallen on evil days, deserted and decayed. It marks the death of ages of happy work and domestic peace. Yet, owing to the concentration of fine flour-milling in the great ports, such as Liverpool, the good days of many of the fine old mills are past. I remember such a water-mill in the last days of its good times. It was a huge building of wood, painted white, and tiled with brown tiles, studded with masses of houseleek and "gold-dust." The mill-house which joined it was of white brick, spacious, well-designed, and roomy. On one side of the mill and partly under it ran a fine clear river, and round the other side, and enclosing the garden, ran the deep, swift mill cut, which disappeared beneath the mill itself, beneath the roaring, dripping



E. Max Mills.

A MOUNTAIN MILL.

Copyright.

wheels, and came foaming out under the arch of the roadway into the mill pool below. This roadway generally runs across the face of the mill, to enable the waggons to come close to the frontage to deliver their sacks of corn, or to receive the sacks of flour.

Above and below the stream was owned by the proprietor of the big mill, who owned or rented a whole series of other mills up and down the stream. His grass was trimly mown, his rose trees were covered with blossom, his geranium-beds were fringed with white sweet-scented pinks; quinces and laburnum drooped over the mill cut and the pool. Great chrome yellow painted waggons (the colour sacred for at least a century to millers' waggons) seemed always waiting to take the sacks, or going off with their floury loads to market. The mill pool and the cut, the dam above, and the stream itself were carefully preserved, forming a beautiful domestic fishery, where trout and perch and chub and roach and gudgeon, and shoals of the largest and fattest minnows ever seen, thrived and fattened. But the times grew bad, the prosperous miller grew poor, and at last the mill, the home of his family for a century at least, was abandoned, and no one would rent it. The paint peeled off the walls, the garden grew rank with weeds, the fish were all poached and stolen, and at last someone set fire to the woodwork of the mill and burnt it out. Then the village began to throw its rubbish and its tin pots into the mill pool, and what had been the prettiest spot for miles around became a howling wilderness.

C. J. C.

THE REAL COUNTRYMAN.

THE true flavour of the English country-side, which is departing too much from the rural labourer, may yet be enjoyed to the full in the company of farmers, whose talk is so rich with it that I believe I would often rather listen to them than be out myself in the fields. To be out one's self is to enjoy the weather of one day, and refresh the eyes with one landscape; but in farmers' chatter many summers seem to be revived, many miles of open country to be concentrated. I speak, of course, of real farmers, adepts themselves in the art of agriculture and masters of its many crafts. There are others—mere speculators, purchasers of labour, tradesmen prostituting the great art to their profit—but those I mean are sons of the soil, lovers of its crops, trusty heirs of great traditions. They are part and parcel of the country; the open air flows through their thoughts and dwells in their memories. They are like bundles of rich association with upland and meadow and shady lane. The colour of their faces derives from sunshine and wind; you cannot touch their hands without being reminded of ploughs and the superb old farm tools; in their voices sounds a tone as appropriate to the country as the rustle of leaves in hedgerow elms. And then their vocabulary is full of words that give a thrill: granary, clover, sheep, upland, waggon, and so on; and when, as often happens, an English town-name comes into their talk, like Petersfield, Andover, Devizes, Bedford, Cirencester, something of the wide open-air historical life of England dignifies the homely language. And this is only just. The present-day farmers still belong body and soul to the time-honoured movement that has beautified the country and dotted it over with its towns and linked these together with the great roads, so that inevitably in the men's company the movement touches you, and

in their speech you hear probably the best English life lapping round you.

There are many farmers whom the country air seems to have made its especial favourites, and you have only to call them to mind to be aware of it, just as you need only think of hay to get a memory of fragrant meadows. It was the chance thought of such a man, in fact, that prompted me to the writing of this paper. A name was mentioned, a trivial anecdote hinted at, and the world seemed straightway ampler and more serene than before, because the name was that of one of these real countrymen, and the anecdote was characteristic of them all. He was a little hale old man, brown-gaitered always in my memory, soft-whiskered, cheerful, quaint, capable; and I heard from his own son that he was dying, being now eighty years old. Forthwith a picture of him presented itself to me as I had seen him the last time; and when I commended his ripe country quality, his aged good sense, the happiness that always seemed to emanate from him, "Yes," said the son, "he was happy, though he always said he'd be glad to go, since his wife died. He was content to wait, but when the time came he'd be glad. But he seemed not to have a care; and his memory was as clear—why, only last week he was telling me something about taking a waggon-load of potatoes to Winchester years ago. Just this side of Winchester, on one of them great chalk downs, the druggat of the waggon broke, and he had to walk all across the fields to the nearest farm to try to get another at four o'clock in the morning. He used to go to Winchester and Windsor with potatoes, and twice every year with the waggon to Weyhill Fair with hops . . ." Well, that was all I heard, and it was at second-hand, too; yet out of the dying old farmer's mind refreshing

fancies were coming to me of the open country for fifty miles round. There is one Farmer Elliott whom I find it always a treat to fall in with for the same good reason. I suppose he is over sixty; a short, waddling man, ungainly in the black clothes he wears to market, where every week he may be seen pondering his bargains, amiably conversing, looking very dogged and honest and good-tempered. Wanting a word with him one afternoon, I sought him out in the parlour at the back of the market inn. The room was full of farmers, corn-dealers, manure merchants, a smart barmaid, tobacco smoke, and the odour of drinks. But quietly in one corner sat Farmer Elliott and another man, the latter complaining of his rheumatism and the former trying, for no earthly reason, to persuade him that he owed it to carelessness about getting wet and so forth, in his youth. They digressed to discuss their respective ages and to guess at my own, and then, harking back to their health, Mr. Elliott said he'd had a terrible bad cold, while the other confessed that, as a young man, he had often got wet through and let his clothes dry on him. "I was obstinate—wouldn't change," he chuckled.

"Ah, and you be payin' for it now," Mr. Elliott assured him.

Then the latter, quietly as if he were a conspirator instead of a fine old conservative, informed us, "The wust doin' I ever had was when I was a young man." (I wish I could write "young man" half as impressively as he said it.) "My father had a little farm out at Oakshott—well, of course you remembers. And I went all the way from there right down the other side o' Petersfield with two hosses, all in one day! And when I got there, if you'll believe me there was only a cowstall to put the hosses in! . . . I had a fortnight there, cuttin' out hay and puttin' it on the train at Petersfield. At that time hay used to sell for seven pound a ton in London, and my father had bought these ricks for that. I took my wife and my oldest child, and two hosses; and I bid there a fortnight cuttin' out this hay; and only the taproom to sit in at night; and when it comes to takin' off your clothes wet at night and puttin' 'em on wet in the mornin', it gives it to you."

Mr. Elliott held his breath at the thought, having spoken with growing seriousness. Then, quite suddenly and cheerfully, he added, "However, I work through it."

"Then," he went on, "I had to work away towards West Meon; and often I started out with my horses at six o'clock in the mornin', and what with waitin' about at Petersfield Station for a truck and so on, didn't get back with 'em again afore six o'clock at night."

The other man seemed really impressed at that.

"Law," he said.

"But I did have something to put up with. I found a hire-carter with three hosses, and he agreed to help me get it away. But he never done but one day's work, and then I had to help 'n out" (out of a bad road, I understood), "though he'd got three hosses and I'd only got two. That hendered me purty near a week. I was talkin' about him inside the George, there—you knows the George, just outside West Meon—and the man there says, 'You maun't find fault of our countryman like that!' 'But I do!' I says. I'd had to help his three hosses out with my two."

He took a meditative sip at his grog, and began again happily, "Law, I did have some purty hosses, though! My father, when I was startin', says, 'John—he called me John and I was carter for 'n—' John, if I was you I should take the little mare."

"Well, I shan't," I says. She was only four year old and 't would have broke her up, any heavy work would."

"Sure," the other man commented.

"So I says, 'I shall take the old 'uns,' I says; and so I did. But there, 'twas a doin' I had. However, I got through somehow; but when I got home I says, 'Fore ever I goes out like that again I'll see the country first where I'm-a-goin' to.'"

The man's quiet tone, varied, full of interest, kept us quiet; and with another sip at his whisky he continued:

"There, I have had some turns. I've got up at two o'clock in the mornin' and off with the hosses, and back again at half-past eight; and then gone on and ploughed three-quarters of a acre. 'Twas summer weather; and along in the afternoon I've gone and laid down in the hedge and had a sleep, with the hosses standin' there waitin' for me to get up and go on again."

At this the other smiled, "You wouldn't do it now?"

"No. No more wouldn't nobody else. There en't no carters now like there used to be. You can get 'em."

It is summer afternoon again while I am writing, and gorgeous though it is, its splendour seems duplicated by thought of those horses waiting, with switching tails, and the man sleeping in the shade of the hedge, miles away and years ago. I felt this as the farmer was speaking. Meanwhile the other mentioned "worries." "Well," rejoined Farmer Elliott, with a comfortable laugh, "I was worried last night when that thunder come. I laid abed thinkin' about my sheep; for sheep is terrible timid o' thunder, and as like as not to break out (of the fold)."

"And I wondered how 'twould be with 'em. But they was a smartish ways off, and I found 'em all right this mornin'." That's a worry you don't have; you don't keep sheep." His laugh rang out, wide-mouthed, careless. "But when I gets home I got to feed the pigs and see to the hosses, and scrape up the muck in the yard, for all I can tell. But I be happy, ye know."

He looked it, and capable too. Later I saw him in the street stop to shake hands with another farmer who had been ill, enquiring, loudly and cordially, "How be you now?" when yet another interrupted him to ask, "What about they peas?" He lifted his chin, shut his lips while he examined his questioner's face, then said, "I'll give ye a pound for a quarter of 'em." "Don't go buyin' 'em too dear," the other answered, ironically. "Well," Elliott replied, smiling, "that's without seein' a sample. You says they be a good sample, but—"

But enough. One cannot write down—cannot even suggest—the warm, caressing Hampshire dialect, the persuasive changes of tone, the cadences that are probably as old as the fields, and have grown up in the country to suit country needs. Wanting this, the farmer's talk, I perceive, looks clumsy and even ignorant; but with this (if the reader can supply a little of it from his own experience) the same talk seems a condensation of all that is best in the country—the invigorating open air, the comely English landscape, and the stored-up wisdom gained in the practice of the most venerable of all crafts.

GEORGE BOURNE.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE WHITE LILY.

PROBABLY before these lines are in print the flowers of the white or Madonna Lily will have faded, but the year's gardening notes would be incomplete without a reference to the fairest flower that

blows. In a letter before us the writer deploras that his white Lilies are not so beautiful as his neighbour's, and a flower sent shows that he has what is called the starry type. It is mentioned in Miss Jekyll's "Home and Garden," page 81, that it is not generally known that there are two distinct forms of the white Lily, one a far finer garden plant than the other. The better one has altogether larger flowers, with wide overlapping petals that are strongly ribbed and curled back. In the other the petals are narrower, and the whole flower seen from the front is thinner and fluted and more star-shaped. Though the distinction seems of late to have been almost lost sight of, it was well known in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Gerard plainly described and figured the two kinds, calling the star-shaped one the White Lily of Constantinople. The white Lily should be planted so as to form a lane of flowers. The writer has such a feature reaching its full development (June 25th), from refuse bulbs planted last January twelvemonth. The first year little growth was made, but they have gathered strength since then, and the strong, clean stems now bear their burden of white fragrant blossom. It is a lamentable fact that in, we are afraid, the majority of gardens, the disease strikes the plants on the eve of flowering. We think much of this is due to late frosts, and there seems to be no satisfactory remedy. Once the white Lily has become established, it should remain undisturbed as much as possible.



FOXGLOVES.

Interference with established bulbs frequently results in disease attacking the stems. Bordeaux mixture has been much advocated as a remedy for the terrible fungoid pest which destroys the white and other Lilies wholesale, and the following recipe is advised: Sulphate of copper and fresh quicklime, 1lb. each. Dissolve the sulphate in a wooden tub, and slake the lime in a pail or anything convenient. Pour the lime when slaked into the sulphate solution, and add 10gal. of water. Syringe gently with this mixture, and again a week or ten days later. The beneficial action of sulphur is well known to vegetable as well as animal pathology, as in the treatment of mildew in plants and skin diseases in animals. We remember an amateur who treated his bulbs after they were dug up by shaking them up in a paper bag with some flowers of sulphur (sulphur in fine powder), so as to get it well in among the scales. He said that the next season the plants did well and showed no signs of disease.

THE FOXGLOVE

The Foxglove in the ordinary mixed border is seldom beautiful. It is out of place, and wants the leafiness of a glade, or the rough and tumble of a bank, where its graceful spikes can rise from the tall herbage and mingle with the foliage of the hedgerow. The illustration opposite shows a beautiful colony of the flower, the plants evidently sown or planted there, which has a suggestion of wildness with the long grass clustering round the base of the stems. Seen from the end of the vista this planting has an early summer freshness and beauty. We have frequently had sent to us a Foxglove with an apparently Bellflower-like bloom at the top of the spike. This is simply a freak, which has been perpetuated by some of our nurserymen under the name

of *Monstrosa*. We remember a large group of it in a Mentone garden last spring, and not one was of the ordinary type of the English wood. The variety is not beautiful, but has a certain quaintness and originality. Through constant weeding-out of all foreign forms this variety has now been "fixed"; that is, seed of it reproduces the parent with unailing regularity. Then there are the spotted forms, in which the flowers are of the purest white, with deep chocolate blotches and spots within the cup—primrose, white, and rose—all having great individual charm, and all reproduced from seed. The Foxglove is a biennial, and seed sown now in a well-prepared piece of ground out of doors will produce seedlings that will flower next summer.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW CARNATION.

We were much impressed with the new *Malmaison* Carnation the Duchess of Westminster shown recently at the Royal Horticultural Society by Messrs. William Cutbush and Son of Highgate. The flower is not immense, for which we are thankful, but its colour is a clear rosy pink, and there is a delicate perfume. Messrs. Cutbush write: "This is a grand addition to the *Malmaison* section, and raised by Mr. N. F. Barnes, gardener to His Grace the Duke of Westminster, Eaton Gardens, Chester, and given an award of merit unanimously by the Royal Horticultural Society on Tuesday, May 20th, 1902. It may be described as a beautiful deep pink rose, with salmon shades on the inner surface of the petals, strongly scented. It is a large flower with a strong calyx, which has no tendency to burst, hence the character of the bloom is more refined than is the case with several of the type. A very early-flowering variety, and, grown naturally, is several weeks in advance of all other *Malmaisons*."

SOME RANDOM NOTES ON DEER.

ALTHOUGH we cannot compare our old friend *Cervus elaphus* with his mighty ancestors of the Pliocene and Pleistocene ages, he may be regarded, not unjustly, as the finest mammal now existing in the British Isles. Deer-stalking is certainly the most fascinating as well as the most exclusive sport we possess; whilst, putting the question of killing him entirely out of count, a stag still remains "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

There is no prettier sight than to watch a herd of red deer basking on the hillside during a hot July day. The little calves chase each other through the long grass, while their mothers lie drowsily amongst the rocks and heather, their bodies exposed and their legs stretched wide in the endeavour to get as much sun as possible. I was overlooking a scene like this one day last year when I dropped in for a little domestic difference which was very pretty to see. A tiny calf, with a very dark coat, irregularly spotted with large white splashes, and evidently born late in the year, was engaged on his evening meal. A big brother seeing this thought he had been forgotten, and coming up gave the intruder a butt in the side. However, the little chap was having too good a time to give in readily, and stuck to his guns like a man. Keeping a wary eye on his mother, the other one made a second unsuccessful attempt. A third failure, however, convinced him that it was no good, and he made off, to return later and have his turn. His mother, apparently, was not given to fussing over her children, and took quite an impersonal interest in the proceedings, merely pausing for a second to give her little son a casual lick before she resumed feeding. When their wayward offspring become too disobedient hinds will use their fore legs with which to chastise them, though I have never seen this myself.

One stag, I suppose, is very much like another to most people; but a view at close quarters through a glass reveals almost as much character as may be seen in the faces of some people. One has a stupid, weak, silly look, with vacant, staring eyes, and a beast like this usually carries a light skin. Another, with his dark, red coat, clean muscular body, slender legs, and full melting eye, seems the personification of activity and beauty; for it may be taken as a general rule that the dark-coated stags are the best, especially if they have a well-defined black line down the middle of the back. With regard to hinds there is a difference of opinion amongst experts. McRae is for the golden and brown as having the best haunches. The late Lord Lovat, who knew more about deer than most men, said, "take the blue slate-coloured ones." Mr. Grimble inclines to this latter view, as, I am bound to say, do most stalkers with whom I have discussed the question.

Wild red deer live to between twenty and thirty years of age, reaching their prime at twelve and beginning to deteriorate



HINDS FEEDING.

at about fourteen. Old age usually means loss of teeth to a stag, though not so to the hinds; still, I shot one two years ago with hardly a tooth in her head, and the stalker, who had had over sixty years' experience, said he had never come across a similar instance. How she managed to eat was a mystery, as she was in very fair condition. A good stag will weigh about 15st., though wood-fed beasts and marauders on oatfields often attain to over 20st. The heaviest stag of which I have reliable evidence weighed 27st., and carried only six points. Mr. Grimble mentions one from Glenmore which scaled 33st. Stags are either weighed "clean" or "with heart and liver included." A beast weighing 15st. in one forest will be entered as 16st. over the march, for the latter method adds quite a stone. You can say neither way is correct; it is just a matter of opinion, though it seems a pity there should be no recognised standard, as it would save a lot of trouble when comparing weights.

Deer are much bothered by flies in the hot weather, and I know of one forest last year which was almost entirely cleared of good stags for the greater part of the stalking season. It lay very low, and they left in a body for the high ground over the march, where they got any breeze there was about, and were so freed from the little pests to a certain extent.

There are certain spots known to and recognised by the deer in most forests called "soiling pools." They are usually peaty pools to which the stags resort, often at night, to wallow and have a good time generally. Here I have occasionally seen them rolling on their backs, though more often black bubbles bursting sluggishly on the surface of the water have told me that I have come just too late to catch their late occupants. I was spying a distant hillside one day last September when some bright object

flashing in the sun caught my eye, and looking through the glass I saw it was a stag. He was standing shaking himself by the edge of one of these pools, the water flying off him in all directions. It was the sun flashing on this which had attracted my attention. The pools are much used in the rutting season. This begins approximately on September 20th, known in Gaelic as "The Day of the Roaring," though, of course, the exact date varies very much according to the season. I have heard stags roar as early as the 10th, though this is rather unusual. It is more of a bellow than a roar, and is quite awe-inspiring at close quarters, more especially if the roarer is himself hidden. It is then very hard to locate the sound or judge the distance from which it is coming. I remember once hearing a stag roar apparently close by. There was a gully about two hundred yards off, then



WINTER.

shrouded in a thick curtain of mist. The stalker was confident the stag was in this gully, but when the mist cleared it revealed him a good three-quarters of a mile off.

The end of the season is always the most exciting time for stalkers. Stags then are all on the move, and great fights take place. I have never had the luck to witness a real big pitched battle between two champions. I doubt whether they often fight to the death, but the numbers of stags with broken and damaged horns which are met with after the rutting season is over show that pretty severe contests do occur.

Stags always manoeuvre, when fighting, to get their opponent down hill. They have tremendous power in their hind quarters, and in this position can use it to the best advantage. A rather curious fact with regard to red deer fighting, illustrating the toughness and elasticity of their skins, was told to me by a Dorsetshire agent. There was a big park full of red deer on the estate, and a large number of stags had been killed owing to fights. On skinning the dead ones he found that, though in many cases the lungs and flesh were pierced through and through, the skins themselves were comparatively uninjured. Wild red deer seldom attack a man, even in October, though you hear eerie stories of belated sportsmen being chased home at night from the hill by infuriated stags. A gillie of my acquaintance, who used to drive down Glen Cannich every day in a spring cart, was followed several times by a stag. The beast would walk alongside the trap, flourishing his head and stamping, but he never actually made an attack, though McDonnell told me he thought he would have done so but for sticks and stones. Park deer, on the contrary, are most dangerous animals. A stalker in Ross-shire, called McLennan, came to a very sad end some years ago. He was accustomed to look after a tame stag which lived in a park. A Highland park is not at all like an English one, being merely a place in which to pasture beasts. This stag knew

McLennan quite well, but one day the latter was returning from a funeral dressed, of course, in black, when the brute, apparently not recognising him as he crossed the enclosure, savagely went for him. No help was at hand, and, being unarmed, the poor fellow was gored to death in a few minutes. Deer do not fight only with their horns, as both sexes will rise erect on their hind legs and strike savagely with their fore feet, the sharp edges of the latter making a very nasty wound.

They are wonderful jumpers, as may be imagined. I have seen a hind clear 15ft. or so, and buck as high as a tall man merely to avoid a small drain; and also, at a drive, a stag jump clean over one of the beaters, taking a fence at the same time. There is still extant the record of a famous leap made by a stag down on the borders of Ettrick during a hunt by one of the old Scottish kings. The place is known as "The Hart's Leap," and is commemorated by two stones which the monarch had erected to mark the spot. They measure 28ft. apart.

Deer have a marvellous sense of smell, though it seems almost superfluous to say so. With a strong wind blowing they will scent a man a mile off. Yet, though their powers of scent are marvellous, I confess to having had one illusion quickly dispelled at the commencement of my stalking career. From reading various old books on the subject, I had come to regard their sight as something quite abnormal, and fondly imagined that, on spying deer, say, a mile or so away, a cautious advance was necessitated, after the manner of our ancient enemy the serpent. Now, though deer do have good sight, they are certainly inferior in this respect to the roe, and, so long as you keep

perfectly still, will have great difficulty in detecting you. I proved this again and again one July, when trying to obtain photographs of wild deer. I did not get any photographs, though plenty of experience; but I was often lying within 15yds. of deer without their being conscious of my presence. Most of my operations took place in a wood, as it is very hard to get close enough to photograph in the open when using a small camera.

As I said before, I did not get any photographs, though I wasted plenty of films. I remember one stag, who was feeding in a glade surrounded by birches. Some of the most succulent shoots were just out of his reach, so he stood erect on his hind legs and fed thus. I particularly wanted a snap-shot of him in this position, and crawled to a stump which I thought he would pass. He took his time leisurely, nibbling a bit off one branch and then off another. Whilst he was still too far distant for



DANGER.



MAKING A SURVEY.

a good photograph, I discovered I was in the middle of an ants' run, between two large nests, which had hitherto passed unnoticed in the ardour of the stalk. I was wearing a kilt, and the ants proceeded to draw my attention to this fact with a painstaking attention to business worthy of a nobler cause. I stood it for some time, and then had to bolt incontinently for the nearest burn. The stag disappeared "unsnaped" in the opposite direction as fast as his legs would carry him, and my career as an animal photographer ended. That my friend Mr. Dennis has been more successful may be seen from some of the photographs illustrating this article. He was the whole of one day stalking the deer before he got the photographs, which, I think, for clearness of detail, would be hard to beat. FRANK WALLACE.

A CAST OF FLIES.

HOW subtle is the craft of angling may sometimes be realised on detecting oversights in writings by masters of the art. Here, for example, is a passage from the famous Mr. Stewart. He is telling how to make a cast of flies: "The droppers should hang down from the main line from 2½ in. to 3 in. If the distance is increased they are apt to become ravelled with the main line, and occasion the angler considerable loss of time. The distance between the flies should be from 20 in. to 2 ft. If it is greater in rough water, the angler may pass over a trout without its seeing any of them, and there is nothing in the sight of two flies at a time calculated to alarm a trout." These propositions seem to have reason on the face of them; but their appearance is deceptive. They are made on the assumption that all the trout in the stream are lying within the double line, formed by one or other of the pairs of flies. Indeed, Mr. Stewart actually seems to take it for granted that the fish is lying exactly midway between one fly and another, and that if the distance between the flies is greater than 2 ft. both flies will pass unseen. This is a complex error. In the first place, a trout poised exactly in the middle of a double line could easily see both flies if they were a good deal more than 2 ft. apart. Of course, at certain times of the year—those when the fish are well fed and flies are plentiful—he might not be disposed to go out of his way for the sake of either. But that is another question; he would certainly see them both, and if they were particularly attractive, he would probably turn and rise. Besides, as has been hinted, the trout's position is not at all likely to be midway between either pair. The chances are that he will be nearer one fly than the other; indeed, it is just as likely as not that he will be beyond the end fly or on the near side of the upmost one. We must remember that Mr. Stewart is not casting where the fish can be seen individually. He is casting on water that is rough and not very shallow, where the flies are thrown more or less at hazard. What, then, does he gain by having his flies in any particular positions on the cast? It is clear that he gains nothing. He is just as likely to come over a trout by having his flies 3 ft. or 4 ft. apart as he is by having them only from 20 in. to 2 ft.

We have been speaking in regard to the positions of the trout. These, however, are not the only considerations in the making of a cast. Why did Mr. Stewart mount only three flies, or, at the most, four, upon his cast? If he wished to be sure of making an offering to every fish within a reasonable

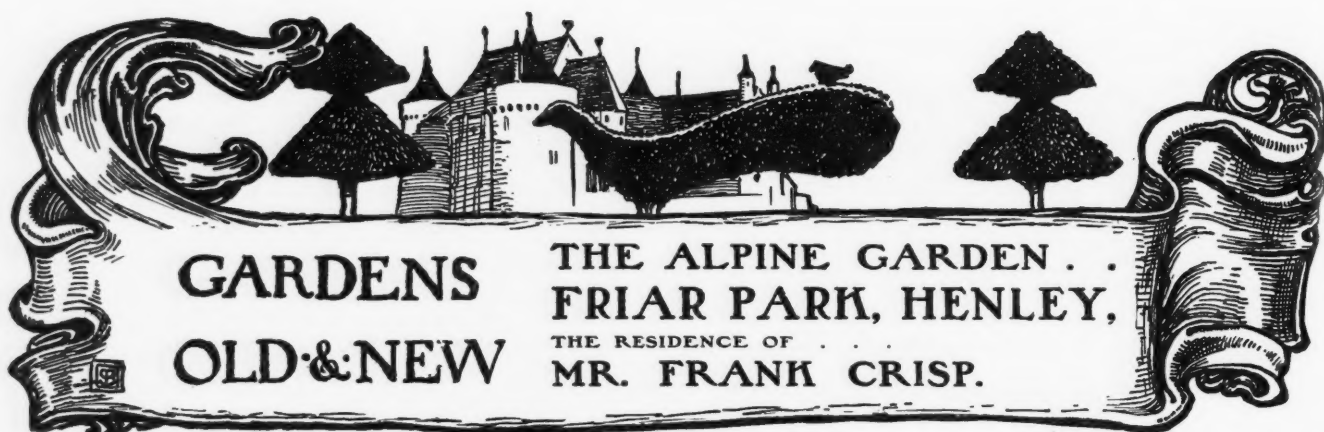
radius, why did he not have a fly dangling at every foot of his 3 yds. of gut? The reason, though he does not mention it, is obvious. A cast of more than three flies is not easy to manage. Occasionally, on Loch Leven and elsewhere, I have made experiments in this matter, and the results were rather interesting. A cast of three flies goes out upon the water beautifully; but a cast of four is clumsy. It wobbles in the air, and, unless there be a strong wind from behind, its fall upon the water is ungainly. In this there is some principle which a man of exact science could doubtless state and explain. A schoolboy is conscious of the principle when he flies a kite. The kite can carry, and is often the better for, a weight at the end of her tail; she can even, if the wind is fair, do with another weight in the middle. A third weight will impair the gracefulness of her flight. That is not because it is a weight, but because of its position. The extra weight might easily be borne at the right place, which is the end of the tail; but the kite resents it in the wrong place, and so

does the tail itself. Similarly, there is no room for more than three flies on a cast. However long the cast may be, there is no right place for a fourth. That is not the only conclusion to be drawn from experiment. A cast of three flies works much more sweetly than a cast of two flies or of one fly. It has a pleasant balance in the air which cannot be attributed to either of the others. Either of these will sometimes fall lightly, and as you wish; but, excepting in a moment of negligence on your part, or of adverse wind, the cast of three flies will always do so. Mr. R. B. Marston, therefore, is wiser than perhaps he realises, in that he sometimes uses three lures even when in dry-fly mood. Each of his three flies falls more daintily than the orthodox single fly would fall.

How is this? Again, our man of exact science would be the best witness; but a suggestion may be ventured. Most of us get our casts ready made, instead of making them ourselves; and they are tapered. They are pretty stout at the upper end, and gradually attenuate. In making them thus the professional craftsman goes upon the knowledge that a tapered cast is more likely than another to stretch straight in its flight through the air and fall evenly upon the water. Is it not conceivable that a single fly fixed to the end of the cast, or, indeed, to any part of it other than the very top, would impede the action which the taper is designed to facilitate? Of course it is. The fly has weight, which, though not much, is at least equal to the difference between the weight of the end strand of gut and that of the three or four strands immediately above it; and it has bulk, which presents resistance to the air through which the cast is projected. One can perceive, then, that the single fly on a cast undoes, or at least partly undoes, the purpose of the taper. Two other flies, properly placed, correct the disturbance by equalising it. The proper places on a 9 ft. cast are, I think, 3 ft. above the end fly and 3 ft. below the reel line or the plaited gut. In these positions the flies tend to restore the balance inherent in the taper. If they are of the same size, however, they do not restore it completely. A fly near the top of the cast, where the gut is comparatively thick and heavy, has not so much influence in passing through the air as a fly of the same size at the end of the cast, where the gut is thin and very light; even the middle fly, though not in the same measure, is overweighted by the end one. That being so, it is well that the flies should be of three sizes. The smallest should be on the end; the second smallest on the middle; the largest above.

By this means one plays up to the design that is both implicit and expressed in the tapered gut. It will be said, by someone in haste, that, inasmuch as the size of a fly is to be determined not by the mechanical necessities of the tackle-maker, but by the size of the insect to be imitated, this is an empirical arrangement. The alarm is needless. It is not suggested that the same fly should be dressed and used in three different sizes, which would be unnatural and unscientific; but what would be the matter with a cast having on the end a Willow Fly, on the middle a Coachman, and towards the top a Silver Sedge? These, in the order named, will give the gradation which the taper calls for; and at the time of discourse—July—they are all in season. When I have read this writing over and sent it to the post, I will go out to the river and give them a trial. If I come back with an empty basket, the fault will be mine or the weather's. The cast itself is perfect.

W. EARL HODGSON.



RAMBLING among the pleasant homes of Berkshire it would be impossible to discover two gardens more unlike than the beautiful little paradise of flowers which we described recently and the garden of Mr. Frank Crisp at Henley-on-Thames. Both are gardens to delight the eye and instruct the mind, and both are gardens in which the flowers of mountain and plain are planted in a way to produce a perfectly natural and sunny effect. The quaint High Street creeps almost to the park gates, and on the threshold the impression is gained that an interesting and well-planted interior lies within. Rhododendrons, and a variety of trees and shrubs, among them a noble planting of the silvery fir, known in books and catalogues as *Picea pungens glauca*, form leafy masses, and occasionally a group contains the rarest of recent introductions from China and Japan.

It is a garden of hill and dell, of grassy ways and sunny slopes, and has been a source of delight and recreation to its owner from its formation some fifteen years ago, when this was an untouched hill-top rising from the wooded valley of the Thames. There are a topiary garden, charmingly natural colonies

of old-fashioned flowers in the Elizabethan garden, walks of rambling roses, rosemary and lavender to give effect in grey and shades of crimson and purple from the choice groups of Japanese maples. Many profitable hours may be spent with Mr. Crisp in studying the rare collections which abound all over the estate, and if one is not studiously inclined the colour pictures will gratify the eye and perhaps stimulate an interest in a health-giving and interesting recreation.

The illustrations represent chiefly the famous rock garden, which is the finest in England, and has taken many years to construct. It has been the object of Mr. Crisp to reproduce, as far as possible, a portion of the Alps in miniature, and only those who have seen the huge natural rocks and boulders, and little crags and pathways winding here and there, can realise the stupendous work involved. This garden is still unfinished, and the plants have not yet covered the surfaces they are intended for; but when we visited Friar Park on an early day in June we saw sufficient to make one hope that it will be possible to see this rock garden at various seasons, and watch the growth of the rare alpine, which seem to revel under the almost natural conditions. A rill



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ROCKS AND RILLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WATER-LILIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of water tumbles over rocks almost from the summit, and provides suitable places for the plants which delight in damp soil and cool air, and the sound of the apparently natural cascade is music to the ear in the heat of a summer day.

Bellflowers hang in flowery drifts from the rocks, and fill chinks and crevices with colour as blue as a summer sky, and in pink-time the air is filled with the sweet perfume from a thousand flowers. Pinks are everywhere, not little colonies, but masses yards across, and of many colourings—soft rose, salmon, purple, crimson, and almost blood red, such as in the kind known as *Dianthus atro-rubens*. At the risk of tediousness, *Acantholimon glumacea*, *Dianthus dependens*, a perfect rill of flowers hanging from a rockside, the golden drop (*Onosma taurica*), carpets of the blue speedwell (*Veronica rupestris*), *Lithospermum prostratum*, a fairly little mignonette (*Reseda glauca*), wild forget-me-nots, gentians that seem to reflect in their

tubular flowers the sky above, and the scarlet *Delphinium nudicaule* may be mentioned to show the choiceness of the collection. Almost at the summit of the rock garden the edelweiss of the Alps is appropriately placed. It was a charming fancy to plant this in a spot difficult to approach, but there it is, and the seeker for it must step from rock to rock to gather the woolly flower-heads.

Occasionally the eye is arrested by the dazzling colouring of the sun roses, which run riot in sunny corners where it is difficult to achieve success with other plants. These little children of the sun are not deserving of their present neglect, and many a rough bank may well be clothed with the trailing plants, which are known also as helianthemums. The plants are veiled with flowers during the summer months, and the colouring varies from whitethrough intense orange to vermillion, and is wonderfully bright when the sun shines full on the dry, thirsty bank. In a moist, shady nook the great orchid of the United States, the moccasin-flower



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ROCKY PATHWAYS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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AT THE EDGE OF A POOL.

(*Cypripedium spectabile*) is growing with great vigour. This hardy orchid is as beautiful as any of its brethren from the tropics, and there is much charm in the clear pink tinting on the bold, pouch-like formation which distinguishes the Lady's Slippers from all other groups. This is not the only orchid which is at home in the rock garden, and the rude growth and quaint flowers should remind the enthusiastic gardener that in the growing of these hardy flowers there are few difficulties to

overcome when the situation is in partial shade and the soil is peaty and well drained. Moisture is essential, but there is a difference between a merely wet and a stagnant soil; the one is necessary, but the other means entire failure.

When the pinks and bellflowers have faded, much of the glory of the best-planted rock garden fades, too, though interesting plants are always in bloom. We miss, however, the drift of colour which begins in the early spring with the blues of the aubrietias and the yellows of the alyssums. One lesson will be derived from contemplating the planting of this great rock garden, and that is that nothing is more successful than bold breadths of plants to create a garden of flowers. No matter whether the visitor to Friar Park is a student of flowers or not, the brilliant effects of colour must leave a pleasant impression upon the mind; and it so happens that the most beautiful plants for the flower colouring are the most accommodating in growth. The enthusiast is happy in coaxing some refractory plant into behaving respectably; but

"COUNTRY LIFE."

unless one is imbued with the true gardening spirit, failures are disheartening, and end in gardening being regarded as a vexatious recreation.

But the best advice to give the beginner is to leave the fractious plants until the rudiments of gardening have been mastered, to clothe first the rock garden with aubrietias, alyssums, Welsh poppies, in single and double forms, seedling pinks, the more vigorous of the bellflowers, veronicas, and the



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THE ALPS IN LITTLE.

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PINKS IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

host of other things that need only to be planted to spread quickly over a large surface of soil.

A walk of roses is a feature of Friar Park, the pathway being bowered over with branching growths and clusterings of flowers. The complexion of the English garden is ever changing, and nothing has promoted this more than the introduction of hybrid varieties of the rose. Our forbears knew nothing of the glossy-leaved *wichuraianas* from Japan, the glorious hybrids from America and elsewhere, and the deliciously-scented teas and hybrid teas which our raisers have brought to so great a perfection in form and variety. It is possible to plant a garden with roses alone and pass many hours in studying the host of forms which have been raised or introduced within recent years, and varying from the bushy little *chinas* to the sprawling flower-laden *Dorothy Perkins* and *Lady Gay*. It is very instructive to wander in Mr. Crisp's garden and study the remarkable collection of novelties which he has got together from various places—trees from China and Japan, trails of iris flower by the water-side, firs, rhododendrons, and under glass a rare gathering together of exotics from over the seas. The rhododendron dells contain hybrids of rare beauty, and none more so than *Pink Pearl*, which was passing out of flower on the June day when we visited the garden. Of all the hybrids none is more peerless than this, a flower as delicate in colouring as the wild rose of the hedgerow, and quite hardy, even in more northerly counties than Berkshire.

The gardens and pleasure grounds have a winter beauty of peculiar interest through the free grouping of trees and shrubs with variegated or coloured

foliage. Blue spruce and golden yew are lavishly planted, and are in brightest dress when the hardy garden is slumbering, and thus from January to December Friar Park is full of interest without even entering the houses filled with exotics and fruits.

The water-lilies (*Nymphæas*) are very beautiful in Mr. Crisp's garden, and give fresh and brilliant colour to the water surface. This wonderful race was first created, we believe, by



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AT A ROCK EDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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IN A SHELTERED CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LADY'S SLIPPER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the great French nurseryman, M. Latour Marliac, who conceived the idea of marrying the nymphæas of the Tropics to those from more temperate climates. The wisdom of this crossing has been wholly proved, and it is possible to have water gardens of flowers as fascinating as the billowy masses of starworts and golden rods in the late September days, when the nymphæas are losing their summer colouring. The plants increase with great freedom, and the flowers may be used in many pretty ways in the decoration of the table.

THE PIER-FISHERMAN.

CATCHING sea-fish from a pier is, as a rule, the sea-fisherman's nearest approach to that angling from bridges which fills so many fascinating pages in the diaries of those who follow the sport in rivers. Here and there, it is true—as at Poole, Teignmouth, or Barmouth—a bridge spans a tidal reach near the mouth of a river, and bass, with occasional other sea-fish, may actually be caught beneath its arches. Unless, however, our improved relations with France result in the substitution of an acceptable Channel bridge for the rejected Channel tunnel, the species available to the bridge-fisher will be restricted to the few that wander into estuaries. Meanwhile, there is pier-fishing, which has a character of its own. In the first place, it is eminently sociable. Your lonely angler, whose joy is in solitude, has no place on a pier in the holiday season. He might as well seek his ideal in a third-class railway carriage. Still, with a little give-and-take, a little of the *bonhomie* (nominal in many cases) on which anglers pride themselves, friction may generally be avoided.

The cheapness of most pier-fishing suits even the worst-lined pocket of those who can afford to fish at all. Here and there a higher charge is notified—is. a day on one of the Dover piers, and 4d. on the railway extension of Folkestone Harbour. Yet what the angler loses in money he gains in security from the maddening crowd. Besides being better than boat-fishing for the fisherman's pocket, it may also be better for his stomach, for small boats in open water are apt to be playful, with results distressing to the occupants. With the risk of sea-sickness the pier-fisherman also dismisses the danger of drowning, for even if he should be so clumsy as to fall into the water, there is generally a handy, if somewhat encrusted, bar for him to cling to until a friendly attendant is able to fetch a boat (or boathook) for his recovery. Obviously, too, he is less dependent on the vagaries of wind and weather. He can generally find overhead shelter from rain, and he need not stay at home when it blows, for on ground-tackle he should be able to catch fish in half a gale. The rank which this pier-fishing takes as sport depends wholly upon the mood in which it is pursued. Than Mr. Gomm's mullet-fishing at Margate, which he now does entirely from a boat moored across the tide beneath the jetty, but which he originally practised from the landing-stage, there cannot be anything much more artistic in salt water. Light tackle, with a springy rod that is the

result of years of selection and experiment, well-made ground-bait, and great care in fishing the baited swim, contribute to the great catches made by him and his friend, Mr. Daunou. So well do they know the game that the very first day I was out under their tuition I caught a mullet of 3lb. in a manner I had never previously tried in my life.

Our piers vary considerably in the sport which they afford. On the whole, July and August, though the most popular for reasons quite unconnected with sport, are by no means the best months for pier-fishing, October and November being far superior. It is in summer that one sees the largest crowds at the head of Deal Pier, one of the most famous in the annals of the sport—partly, no doubt, owing to the loyal patronage of London anglers—but it is in the short, cold days of winter that the best catches are made, including great cod and even lobsters of large size. Indeed, the variety of fish caught from piers is remarkable. Not long ago, a Brighton angler actually caught a garfish from one of the piers, a fish which one would expect to find in deep water with the mackerel shoals. So strong an attraction, in fact, are the weed and shellfish growing on the piles, as well as the shelter from broken water, that not even the

The pier-fisherman is more at the mercy of the tides than those who fish from boats. In the first place, an abnormally low tide may leave his fishing-ground high and dry, or, at any rate, with too little water to fish in. Again, when the tide runs strong it is only possible to fish on the side where the hooks are carried clear of the piles, else the risk of fouling spoils all chances of sport. Where the fish are dispersed over a wide area, boats can drift with the tide, but on piers it may sometimes be necessary to use heavy leads in order to hold the bottom, and the heavier the lead the worse the sport. Another disadvantage of pier-fishing lies in the great height to which, particularly near low water, it is sometimes necessary to haul the fish, and a landing-net with extra long handle may be required in the case of tender-mouthed kinds likely to drop off in the air.

Ground-bait should be made a much more important factor in pier-fishing. Of this, if ever I doubted it, Mr. Gomm's success with the Margate mullet was convincing. Indeed, the presence, year after year, of so many mullet under that jetty can only be attributed to the regular ground-baiting with vegetable refuse thrown over daily from the restaurant upstairs. Anglers



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ALPINE FLOWERS AT FRIAR PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

coming and going of pleasure steamers, though doubtless a deterrent to yet better sport, can keep all manner of fish away. "Silver" eels are by no means an uncommon item in the basket, particularly on the piers of Kent and East Sussex, to which they doubtless work round from the mouth of the Stour, in Pegwell Bay, and from the outlet in Rye Harbour. Indeed, these river eels, going down to the salt water to breed, are freely taken in the sea by bobbing, locally called "sapping," from the waters of Palm Bay, Margate, to the beaches off Hythe, and boats engaged in this work may be seen throughout the summer.

Special art is required in playing large fish among the piles of a pier, particularly in the case of pollack, which instantly bore down to the ironwork, or in the case of mullet, for which light tackle must be used. Most pier-fish, however, save here and there a good bass or cod, are small, consisting of whiting pout, sand-smelts or dabs, with an occasional small dory and turbot. Congers are not uncommon, though rarely of large size, being for the most part males, which never exceed a weight of 5lb. or 6lb.—for male congers, like male spiders, are physically far inferior to their women-folk.

on piers, it must be remembered, stand towards the fish in an even worse position than Mahomet with regard to the mountain. If the fish will not come to them, they cannot, like those who have the use of boats and the knowledge of marks, go to the fish, and it is only by the scientific use of ground-bait that they are able to issue their invitations to the feast provided for the guests' undoing. The particles stream away along the tide and form a tempting streak of diffused food, along which the fishes travel to the fountain head, where, if the fisherman knows his business, they soon encounter the baited hook. Similar action no doubt rules the efficacy of ground-bait in running waters, in which the dispersed particles attract the fish that lie down stream; but on what principle it works in ponds and lakes with no current whatever I am at a loss to understand, so essential to its proper distribution does some movement in the water seem. Used from piers that stand in the tideway, the manner of its operation is obvious, and in calm water, at any rate, it should go far to ensure success. The mixture of bread, bran, and barley-meal, which proves so enticing to the vegetarian mullet, might not appeal to fishes of more robust appetites; but there is no reason why other more suitable ingredients should not be substituted,

pounded mussels or herrings being added to the basis of meal.

It is not enough to make up ground-bait and throw it in the water. Great care is required in properly fishing the swim right over it, for unless this is done, it merely feeds the fish, or, worse still, attracts them away from the hooks. For this reason, a float (of the "slider" pattern, if the water is deeper than the length of the rod) is the best adjunct, as with its aid the hook can be sent travelling again and again over the line of the ground-bait. The methods are too familiar to Thames fishermen to need particularising, but their introduction in salt water has yet to be made general.

Competitions on piers are in great favour with seaside angling clubs, and almost every week some pier or other bristles with rival rods like a pegged-down stretch of river bank. A pier has this advantage over boats in the determination of such events, that less depends on the boatman's knowledge of the best marks, and more on the angler's skill under more equal conditions. From the general point of view, too, the slaughter is, as a rule, much milder, and as these competitions, on the scale on which they are held at the present day, are apt to be a heavy strain on the resources of limited fishing-grounds, any condition which provides equal amusement at a smaller cost to fish-life should be welcomed.

F. G. AFLALO.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL IN CHICHESTER

THE ancient city of Chichester lies so near to London that it should be needless to write of its familiar charms. Boston and New York, Baedeker in hand, have told the bulwarks of its cathedral, and Chicago, from the roof of a four-in-hand, has approved of its market cross. But few Englishmen know of their native cities. Those to whom Cologne, Brussels, and Rouen are well-remembered sights may die without having seen Norwich, Shrewsbury, or Exeter. It is perhaps the innkeeper who stands in the way, that English innkeeper who has given up keeping an inn, yet disdains to learn how his "hotel" should be managed.

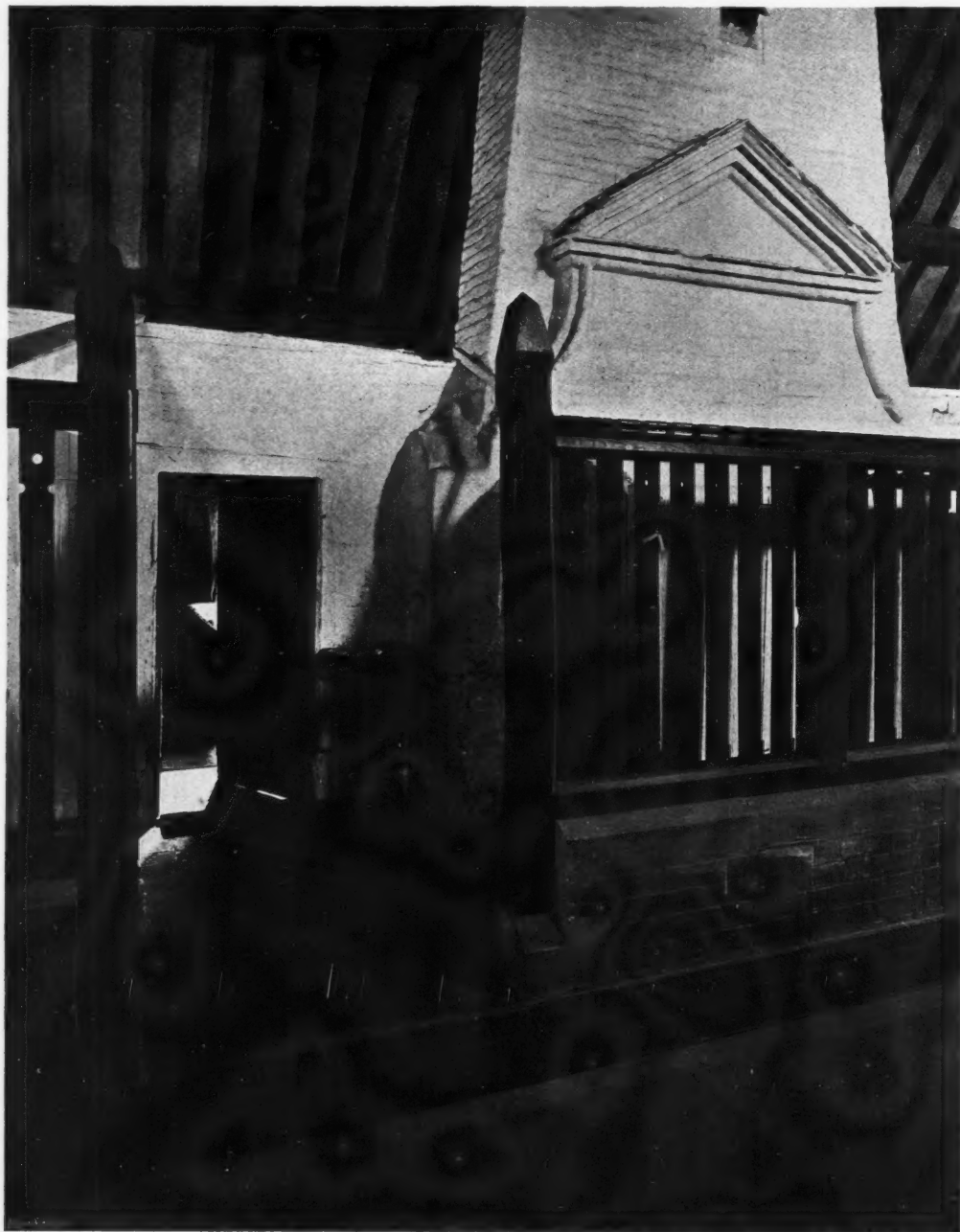
The stuffy bedroom, the ill-cooked meal, dispensed in the independent spirit of those old hosts of whom Erasmus wrote, at twice or thrice the cost of those graceful little banquets which are provided for the traveller in foreign lands, these may be the reasons which keep the English provinces in their Tibetan remoteness from the English tourist. The railway will give humble explorers some hours in Chichester for a small price, but it is a deliberate railway, and the journey a toilsome pleasure.

If we come to Chichester, despite these things, we shall not find it a strange place when we see it for the first time. In all its ways it is the English city of the Southern shires, its open

streets keep something of that ancient calm whose whole secret is known to the cathedral close. History seems to have passed by these cities. With a decent show of enthusiasm they despatch members to Parliament in the blue or red interest, but, in its heart, Chichester must know that a Westminster Parliament House has naught to do with Chichester affairs. The seacoast is not far away upon which men watched scarce 100 years ago for the coming of "Boney" and his hordes to sack Chichester. But Chichester Market Place lost all thought of war and invasions long since, and needs no *entente* to reassure it.

Nevertheless, Chichester has had its part in history in days when stirring doings were not mere matters for the London Press. Each of these quiet cities has its long history. The very name of Chichester speaks of Cissa, who 1,400 years ago mustered his spears in the fort of Cissa's ceaster. And before him were the Romans. The ground of North Street once gave up to the spade a slab which tells how Neptune had a temple where the citizens have now a council chamber, and the Roman tile and red potsherd show themselves when foundations are being dug out.

The unbroken history of the city begins with its cathedral. When Wilfrid of York came sailing from the water of Humber to Selsey Bill, he built a new cathedral hard by his place of landing, and his successor was on his throne at Selsey when Hastings was won and lost. But in 1075 the Conqueror made an end of the See of Selsey, and Stigand ruled the diocese from Chichester. The sea has taken what was left of Selsey Cathedral, choir, and nave, but Chichester Cathedral, begun by Bishop Ralph in 1100, still stands in a prosperous city to justify King William's policy.



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ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE DWELLINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Since those days Chichester has malted barley, has made needles, before the machines of the North called the whole needle trade to themselves, and has been a staple of the wool trade; and even now, when the time of staple towns is past, and wool may sell itself where it will, the Chichester Wool Fair is a great day for those whose talk is of sheep. It was a walled town, and its wall is still a pleasant place to walk at evening, but the walls served for the last time when, in 1642, Sir William Waller and his obstinate Roundheads breached their way in to harry the town, and do dreadful work amongst the carved and painted beauties of the cathedral. No such havoc has been since, save on the memorable day of 1861 which saw the central spire lean a little to one side, and then fall like a tower of cards downward into the church. But the least curious tourist will find his way to the cathedral door to see a noble building, the work of many hands, from the Normans to the Victorian English, and to admire, according to his nature, the tombs of the Fitzalans, a stained window which hideously commemorates the piety of a banker, and a reasonable number of those monuments of church dignitaries of our own times which will soon hide from view all less interesting features of our English cathedrals.

Our affair is with St. Mary's Hospital. In the north-eastern part of Chichester is St. Martin's Street, or Square, where through a little archway we come upon a venerable house, which brings us, perhaps, more suddenly near to the intimate life of days gone by than does cathedral or market cross.

In the reign of Edward III., some years before Cressy field, the King (at a price) confirmed to the hospital of St. Mary a charter produced before him, which charter was then recited at length in the patent roll. By it we learn that, long before, Henry II., King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine and Count of Anjou, granted to the Bishop of Chichester and others that the infirm folk of Chichester should have lawfully whatever should be given to them in reason, whether in lands or tithes, to hold in peace, freely and quietly, no one doing them harm. This charter given by the King in his overseas court at Rouen in the presence of Thomas his chancellor, Richard du Hommet his constable, and Manasser Biset his steward, is the first of a list of gifts and grants from this eleventh century foundation to Mr. Baker's legacy of £1,000 in 1840.

In 1229 the hospital had a notable gift. The church of St. Peter in the Market had become ruinous, its rents were not enough to mend or rebuild it, and at the plea of Bishop Ralph, his chancellor, King Henry III. gave leave to pull it down and to add its site to the hospital's possessions, the two remaining parishioners becoming the hospital's parishioners and hearing the mass at the hospital's altar. This hospital was a house where a warden and certain brothers and sisters under him carried on a work for the sick and poor of the city. The first site was hard by the market cross, but about 1253 the friars minors took new quarters where is now the Priory Park, and the hospital of St. Mary moved into the quiet corner which the friars had left, and is there to this day. Towards the end of the thirteenth century the present building was begun, a long hall ending eastward in a chapel. One of many such houses, it stands, perhaps the last of its kind in England, although the "Godshuis" of the Low Countries remains to show us to-day what work St. Mary's Hospital did in its earlier years. The old rule of this house is preserved. A brother or sister willing to take the rule and serve the



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A CORNER OF THE GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Chichester poor with prayers and deeds was admitted in simple form. First, fealty to the law of the house and its rule must be sworn. A second oath promised chastity and obedience, and renounced the holding of goods without the warden's licence. The brother thus admitted turned to the brethren and one by one saluted them with a kiss, the new sister kissed the sisters in like manner. Then the barber sat them in his chair, and the long hair, which had been the brother's pride in the world, was cropped below his ears, the sister's hair being shortened to the middle of the neck; they rose full brother and sister of the house and dedicate to its work.

That human nature did not fall from them with the falling locks is shown by the laws which regulated life within the house. The devil might move a brother to sins of the flesh. At a time when a word and a blow were honoured custom in England, even a brother of St. Mary's might in his anger beat and wound another brother. In such a case outside was his doom, outside for a rotten sheep whose disease might spread. But although this was the law, the gentle spirit which indited it adds that the sinner should not be driven forth "with cruelty and storm of words." The quarrelsome brother whose loud strife broke the peace of the house was to sit for his fault at the table foot for seven Wednesdays and Fridays, eating bread and well water without napery to serve him, and the like humiliation was ordered for a scolding sister.

The heaviest crime contemplated was concealment of private money or goods from the knowledge of the warden. The accursed thing once discovered was hung round the sinner's neck, thirty bread and water days lay before him, and old Father Stick, the ancient judge, was to bring him to a contrite heart. To keep them in the way, brothers and sisters were to be constant in prayer or work, that the devil might not find them idle. Those who knew



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INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Psalter were to recite the offices for the day, but unlearned brothers could at least be saying "Gloria Patri," "Pater," and "Ave," and there, at the end of the hall, was the chapel inviting to prayer.

For the day's work, there were the sick and the poor travellers, and those who know how strait is the gate of the casual ward will wonder at the open and unquestioning hospitality of St. Mary's. The wayfarer coming by night for shelter had his feet washed, his needs cared for, and in the morning the door opened early and he walked free, no stoneyard staying him. To be sick and friendless was a claim upon one of those beds in the hall where the sick man lay tended by the brethren until his health came again, when his clothing and any small goods he might have had about him were given back to him by the warden without any demand for payment in money or kind.

Under Henry VIII. the ancient hospital was brought near to its modern state by William Fleshmonger, a dean of Chichester, whose new statutes provided for the election of five brothers and sisters, poor and aged folk, each having his room in the hospital, a strip of garden land, and eight weekly pence. To Queen Elizabeth the old charters were surrendered, and a new charter gave the custos and poor inmates the power of a corporation with a common seal and right to sue and to be sued. At this time we hear nothing more of the relief of wayfarers or the tending of the sick. It is a quiet harbour for the last years of a few helpless old Chichester men and women, and thus it has remained to this day. The five old folk of Fleshmonger's statutes dwell here, their eight pence having grown to twelve shillings a week with firing and medicine at need, the Baker legacy of 1840 giving five shillings each to three new inmates who are not on the ancient

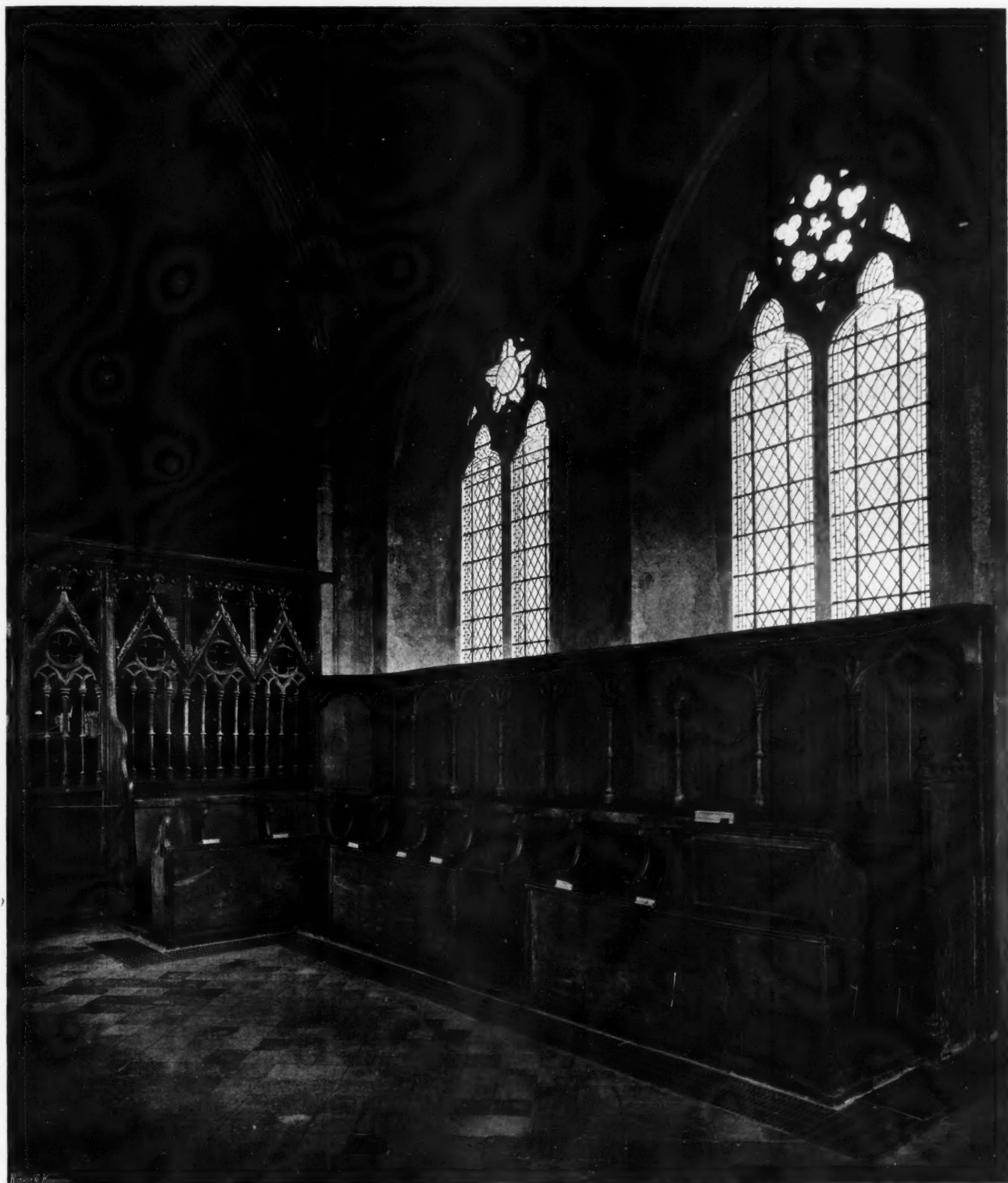
foundation. The keeping of their gardens has been found too heavy a task for these old people whose day's work is ended, and the whole garden land is let for the common advantage to a market gardener.

The hospital is, as we have said, a long hall, which ends in a chapel. By a paved way through a yard of grass and flowers, we enter by a door under the bellcote. The new pointed buttresses which show themselves below the ivy, the doorway and its penthouse, and the window above promise nothing of antiquity, but we step within to a sight of one of the most interesting halls in England. Here is the hall along whose sides the sick poor of Chichester lay, each on his pallet, and leaned sidelong toward the open chapel, from which came the voice of the priest and the ringing of the sacring bell. There have been changes, but the hall itself stands soundly on its first plan.

Above our heads is the rude timber-work of an open roof with king-posts and tie-beam, borne up by eight mighty pillars of oak, the rafters running down to side walls but 6ft. in height. A broad walk had been left the length of the

hall, but for greater convenience of the inmates a stout timber posting upon a foot-wall of brick and stone aid to the borders of the little homes which lie on either side. One of our pictures gives a view, through an opening, of one of the old folk's apartments, a sitting-room and bedroom, snug and neat, comfortably furnished, and pathetically decorated with those little matters which remain from the home of days gone by. The flat pillars of whitewashed brickwork on either side the midway are the stacks of the four chimneys of eight fireplaces. In one of the arched pediments is seen their date of 1680. These chimneys, with the paling below them and the boxing-in of the little rooms behind, are the sum of the work which has changed the open hall of the Middle Ages into two rows of almshouses.

We pass toward the chapel at the further end, noting the channel worn in the tie-beam, from which once hung by a chain a fire-basket for warming the air or combating the pest. Perfect as is the open work of the fourteenth century screen, by which we enter, it owes its wholeness but little to the restorer. The Church, which in 1642 broke into the cathedral to smash and rend, must have spared this peaceful place. At the sides and at



the west end of the chapel are some four-and-twenty stalls, whose carven misereres may be still lifted and admired by the curious. Above them is the ancient tracery, rebaked with new oaken planking.

The eastern window seen in our view of the chapel from the hall is new work, following as nearly as might be the lines of an older window which fell into decay, its place being filled with brick and stonework. In this walling many stones of the old window were discovered, and from these, when picked out and laid upon the ground, the first pattern of the window was recovered.

But three years since the winter wind would come bitterly in through the naked tiles of the chapel roof; but a ceiling with plaster panels has since been added, and of all the later work about the hospital of St. Mary, this has been most welcome to the hospital inmates. Outside the hospital, we turn to the garden ground, with its flowers and vegetable-beds—a pleasant place, with a sheltering wall to keep the wind from old folk who walk the path. Beside us rises the steep side of the great roof of the hospital, springing from a low, buttressed wall of grey rubble, with a red-brick channel at its foot. From this point the ancient house asserts itself as one of the most picturesque, as it is certainly the most interesting, of old English almshouses; but its picturesque quality hides nothing of the raw discomfort, the pent-in stuffiness, concealed by much country-side quaintness. The old Hospital of St. Mary's in Chichester is still doing useful work, and those who come to its kindly charity may live out their old age in that decent and cheerful comfort which should end the long day.

H. B.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT was a happy idea to add *Abbotsford* to the series of coloured books issued by A. and E. Black, and it would be difficult to find anyone better qualified to write an account of it than the Rev. W. S. Crockett, who is himself a Border man. He is a life-long admirer of Sir Walter Scott, and his text is, in reality, a popular biography of the Wizard, whose history is bound up so closely with that of the house he built. The first idea of Scott, after purchasing *Abbotsford*, as will be remembered, was simply that he might build a cottage on it. "My present intention," he wrote, "is to have only two spare bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which, on a pinch, will have a couch bed." For this purpose he purchased 110 acres, but his ambition grew with what it fed on. "I want to build my cottage a little better than my limited finances will permit out of my ordinary income," he wrote later on. He gives a very pleasant picture of himself at this period. Sauntering along "from nine in the morning till five at night, with a plaid about my shoulders and an immense bloodhound at my heels." He left *Ashestiel* on Whit Sunday, 1812. By July, 1817, the foundations of the existing house had been laid, and he continued adding to it during the next eight or nine years, till the cottage of 1812 was transformed into the castle of 1824. With that he kept buying land also. In 1813 he bought a hilly tract stretching from the Roman road near *Turn-Again* to *Cauldshiels Loch* for about £4,000. In 1816 and 1817 he laid out another £16,000, and in 1820 bought *Burnfoot*, which was afterwards called *Chiefswood*. In 1815 he wrote in his diary, "*Abbotsford* is all I can make it, so I resolve on no more building, and no purchases of land till times are quite safe." But in that very year came the great crash in his fortunes, and on January 26th, 1826, he wrote, "I have walked my last on the domains I have planted, sat the last time in the halls I have built." The building and furnishing of *Abbotsford* is said to have cost £25,000. No doubt all of this was in keeping with Sir Walter's character. His aim was to

found a family and leave a landed property behind him; and this ambition he considered of far more importance than any which could be yielded by literature. In our day, it is difficult to feel much sympathy with his efforts. The house, after all, was and is only a poor imitation of Gothic architecture, and the "gabions," as Jonathan Oldbuck would have called them, bear a closer resemblance to the contents of a museum than to the ornaments of a private house. Had Scott lived in our day, it is practically certain that he would either have purchased an old mansion or have built something that was designed by one of his contemporaries, and not imitated from the castles of the past.

However, *Abbotsford* still stands there as a monument to his memory, and we are told by Mr. Crockett that thousands of people visit it annually to pay their devotions at the shrine of their literary saint. They could not possibly go to a more lovely district. The Tweed is at its loveliest, and its raving over the gravel bed that Scott loved so much to listen to may be heard to-day just as it was in his time; for there is something equally true and melancholy in the reflection that these views and the landscape which almost became his own because he loved them so, still persist now that his bones are rotting in *Dryburgh Abbey*.

The romance with which he invested them is not affected in one sense, but it has passed into literature and away from actual life. It is to be remembered that in his childhood Scott came into actual contact with those whose memories went back to the days of feud and foray; but that is at least a century ago, and the number of those who have seen Scott himself must now be very limited. Several were alive about ten or fifteen years ago, and the present writer has listened to the description of those who had actually seen him. Even they had no recollection, however, of what he was at his best. They told of his limp, and his white face, and the look of old age and trouble that came to him prematurely; but the alertness and humour that characterised him had passed away before then. So, too, the generation of those who were in contact with the romance of the Border has given place to another one, and no country in the world has undergone greater changes than Scotland has since the days of Scott. The villages and country places have been forsaken, and so have the simple frugal habits that distinguished the farmers and peasantry of the time when it was possible to find a *Dandie Dinmont* in the strath. Great towns populated with clerks and artisans, undistinguishable from the same classes in England, have grown up everywhere, and *Edinburgh* is no longer a modern Athens, but

a huge manufacturing town with little beauty left that can be destroyed. *Princes Street* is enriched by his monument, and will always have the *Castle Rock* facing it; *Holyrood* is too sacred for even the Goths of the present day to touch; *Arthur's Seat* still towers above the city, and the winding *Forth* gleams like silver between it and the "low *Fifan Hills*," as Robert Ferguson called them; but much of what was old has been built upon and replaced by modern building. So, if Scott were to come to life he would not know his favourite city. But the district in which he lived has really improved with the passage of years. The example of planting trees that he set has been widely followed, with the result that the whole landscape has been changed and improved. Nor does it, at all events, suffer from the migration of the rustics to the town. On the contrary, it is all the lovelier for the solitude. We notice that Mr. William Smith, jun., has not confined his attention to *Abbotsford*, but has given us pictures of most of the other places that visitors could go to. Thus we have *Melrose Cross* and *Abbey*, and places like *Darnick Tower* and *Sandyknowe*. He has succeeded well in presenting such scenes as the *Eildon Hills* and river *Tweed*, and we could well have done with more of them in place of the garden and other spots about



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ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Abbotsford. Occasionally one desires that Mr. Crockett had introduced more of the folklore of the district. There is scarcely a knoll or a tower that has not its legend, story, or superstition; and the charm of the book might, we think, have been increased by giving these, even if they are tolerably well known. We have always to remember that, although an elder generation may have heard the old rhymes and ballads over and over again, children are always coming on to whom they are all strange and new; and writers of such books often fall into the error of being afraid of setting down what they think common property. On the other hand, we are thankful for much that Mr. Crockett has done, and especially for his rescue of Lockhart's verses from oblivion. Some of our readers will probably remember that he sent them to Carlyle, and that Froude wrote that the lines were often on his lips to the end of his life, and will not easily be forgotten by anybody who reads them:

"When youthful faith has fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet, modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May.

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom;
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb!

But 'tis an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends will meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin, and fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forgo:
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so!"

ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF VILLAGES.

IN the course of this summer the Highland village of Fochabers, close to Gordon Castle, on the estate of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, will be supplied with electric light at so low a cost that the poorest cottager can enjoy the benefit of it. A new electric-lighting plant was about to be supplied to the Castle and all its outbuildings, to give a total of 532 lights; and the Duke thought that it might be possible to make his tenants in the village more comfortable if it were found possible to extend to them the facilities given by the setting up of the generating station for the Castle. His Grace expected no profit from its use in the village, though it was thought desirable that just such a sum should be paid over and above expenses as would return a small rate of interest on the actual capital spent by him. Application was made by the village, and largely by the crofters, for 1,300 lights, and the contractors—the well-known firm of Messrs. Drake and Gorham—saw their way to guarantee that the light could be passed on to the village at a cost of 5s. per lamp per annum, this covering the annual expenses together with something over for interest and depreciation. This very low rate, in the exceptional circumstances described, was shown to be possible in view of the experience obtained in lighting electrically the village of Church Stretton, near Shrewsbury, where 6,000 lights are in use, the generating station of which employs a suction-gas-driven plant. At Gordon Castle there are turbines of the Waverley horizontal type, giving respectively 60 h.p. and 30 h.p. The supply to Fochabers will be direct, and no additional labour will be needed. The generating station is 1,350 yds. from Gordon Castle, and will hold all the machinery, including the battery. The users in the village will sign an agreement not to burn more than so many lights at one time.

The step taken at Gordon Castle goes far to suggest a very much-needed improvement in village comfort and even health. For centuries the problem of lighting poor people's cottages has been unsolved. Light, as distinguished from mere warmth, or fires for cooking by, is a luxury. Many old-fashioned villagers always went to bed directly they had had their supper in the winter-time, in order to save the cost of a candle, and as there are, unfortunately, many very poor people in our villages now, it is not uncommon to see houses in which the families sit in absolute darkness, except for the glimmer of the fire, on every winter evening, even though paraffin oil is cheap. One single-wick lamp at the most is all they can afford to keep lighted for general use; and the oil for this is most carefully economised. Even one removable electric lamp, with cover and plugs, so that it could be used both in the kitchen, sitting-room, and upstairs if needed, in the bedroom of the cottager and his wife, would be an enormous gain to comfort and minor happiness. If the rate of 5s. a year for one lamp, quoted for Gordon Castle, can be maintained elsewhere in similar conditions, it would mean a saving of at least three-quarters on the amount of the yearly light bill of the cottage. A small, single-wick paraffin lamp, such as is generally used in cottages, holds a pint of oil in the reservoir, and burns half a pint of oil per night. This costs 2d. a pint, so that the expense is about 1d. a night, or 365 pence in a year. But as during the months from May till September the lamp is very much less used, we may probably reduce the total of £1 10s. 5d. to £1, which represents about the minimum which the cottager spends annually on light. If he could get his one electric lamp at 5s. a year as substitute, he would be enjoying far better light, and less dangerous, for one-fourth of what he now spends; or he would have double the number of lamps, and much better light from each, for one-half of what he now spends.

Evidently the very low price quoted for lighting the village on the Spey is dependent on the adjustment of a good many details, and the kindness of a great landowner. But it is not difficult to see how such a combination and such savings might be brought about where there is a large proprietor who either owns the village, or who has a considerable mansion near it, and is willing to help his neighbours if they are willing to help themselves. It is desirable that such enterprises shall be self-supporting; but with no profits to be made, other than enough to replace deterioration in the plant, there seems no reason why it should not be a success. Suppose, as constantly happens, that a new plant is being put up to light electrically a mansion containing twenty bedrooms, and everything else to match, including all the reception-rooms, the kitchens, the servants' rooms, and the numerous offices, the conservatories, the cellars, the coach-house, harness-rooms and stables, with a total at least of 200 lamps. Close by is a village with forty labourers' and other cottages, including those of the gardeners, grooms, and others employed about the house, and a dozen larger houses inhabited by small farmers, the postman, the schoolmistress, and two or three tradesmen, unless there is a village store supplying everything. We will suppose that the rectory and one or two other residential houses are added. The requirements of these altogether may come to another 300 lamps. The owner of the large house means to spend his money on a plant sufficient to light his own house in any case, and he will also be employing labour to work and look after it, and will find the ground for it, and erect a building to protect it. It seems possible that were he approached by the village council, or by a committee, something like the following might take place. The contractors would have given in the total estimate for lighting the house and curtilage generally, with a liberal estimate of the yearly cost of the whole, at so much per lamp. If the owner entertained the idea at all, the next question would be whether, if the plant were increased so as to supply the entire number of lamps required for village use, the cost per lamp of the whole might not be so reduced as to make it worth his while to do so, provided the village gave a guarantee to use the minimum number. He would hardly care to municipalise his own plant, probably, but he might very well consent to make a business arrangement. In the case of the owner of an entire village matters present themselves in a somewhat different aspect. He might possibly be inclined to be philanthropic to the extent of merely charging the cottagers cost price on the use of the entire power needed, together with a sinking fund to repair and replace material, as at Gordon Castle.

It seems just probable that there is in our villages an opening for the large electric-fitting firms to lay the foundation of a new class of business. They can manufacture more cheaply than anyone else, and it might well be that when about to undertake private electric installations for large houses they might see their way to build engine-houses and fit connections to a whole village, the parish, in a body, guaranteeing a minimum price, while the manufacturing company "ran" the power house. It is quite a mistake to suppose that country people will not pay for convenience, or that little rural companies are unremunerative. There is a four-mile railway in Berkshire the shares of which are generally at a premium, and the admirable stores established by the late Lord Wantage at Ardington have always paid very well, besides being one of the greatest conveniences in a wide and rather thinly-peopled district. There seems no reason to think that a village electric-light company, which had one or more large nest-egg subscribers in the shape of the owners of mansions near, would be a failure, any more than a village bakery and general store, except that the use of the light is strictly limited by local space, while the stores sell to persons from a distance.

THE COMING OF DUSK.

By FIONA MACLEOD.

At all seasons the coming of dusk has its spell upon the imagination. Even in cities it puts something of silence into the turmoil, something of mystery into the commonplace aspect of the familiar and the day-worn. The shadow of the great change that accompanies the passage of day is as furtive and mysterious, as swift and inevitable, amid the traffic of streets as in aisles of the forest, or in glens and on hills, on shores, or on the sea. It is everywhere the hour of suspense. Day has not receded into the confused past, already a shadow in eternity, and night has not yet come out of the unknown. Instinctively one feels as though crossing an invisible bridge over a gulf, perchance with troubled glances at the already dimming shore behind, or with dreaming eyes or watchful or expectant gaze on the veiled shore upon which we are almost come. In winter one can see dusk coming like a tide. In lonely places there is something ominous,

to use the beautiful old English west-country word. The further north one is the longer the suspense, the more magical the slow, gradual recession of the day-glow from vast luminous skies, the slow swimming into the earthward gloaming of incalculable shadow. What a difference between the lands of the south and the light-linging countries of the north! The sudden night comes to the shores of the Mediterranean while the rose of the west yet flames against the Cornish headlands, and the Sicilian wave is dark while the long green billow washing over Lyonesse is still a wandering fire under cloudy banks of amethyst. And, in turn, shadow has come out of the sea upon Wales and fallen upon the upland watercourses from the norland fells, while in the Gaelic isles purple and gold cloths are still piled deep upon the fiery threshold of the sunset: and when the last isles themselves are like velvet-dark barques afloat in a universe of opal and pale yellow and faint crimson, a radiant sun still blooms like a flower



R. Stockdale.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

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menacing, in the swift approach of the early winter-dusk, further gloomed perhaps by the oncome of snow or rain or of a southing wind moving out of low congregated cloud. In thronged streets it is not less swift, not less sombre, but the falling veils have hardly been secretly unloosened before they are punctuated by the white or yellow flare of the street-lamps. Hardly is breathing-space, there, between the stepping out of day and the stepping into night. The fear of darkness, which possesses towns like a great dread, has broken the spell with ten thousand lights: as the mind of man, which likewise dreads the naked darkness of thought and the white, remote, passionless stars of the spirit, hastens to hide its shadowy dusks and brooding nights with a myriad frail paper lanterns that a flying hand of rain will extinguish or a breath of wind carry in a moment to the outer darkness.

But whatever hold upon the imagination the winter dusk may have, however subtle a spell there may be in the gloamings of autumn, surely the coming of dusk has at no other time the enchantment of the long midsummer eves. It is then that one feels to the utmost the magic influences of the dimsea or dimsee,

of fire among the white pinnacles of wandering berg and the everlasting walls of ice.

In June the coming of dusk is the audible movement of summer. The day is so full of myriad beauty, so full of sound and fragrance, that it is not till the hour of the dew that one may hear the breathing of the miraculous presence. The birds, who still sing early in the month, and many even of those whose songs follow the feet of May begin a new love-life at the coming of June, are silent; though sometimes, in the south, the nightingale will still suddenly put the pulse of song into the gloaming, though brieflier now: and elsewhere the night-loving thrush will awake, and call his long liquid notes above the wild-growth of honeysuckle and brier. At the rising of the moon I have heard the cuckoos calling well after the date when they are supposed to be silent, and near midnight have known the black-cap fill a woodland hollow in Argyll with a music as solitary, as intoxicating, as that of a nightingale in a Surrey dell. The thrush, the blackbird, the blackcap, the willow-warbler and other birds may often be heard singing in the dusk, or on moonlit nights, in a warm May: and doubtless it is for this reason that many people



F. C. Wickison.

"THE LAST FLUSHT GLOW."

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declare they have heard the nightingale even in regions where that bird never penetrates. Often, too, the nightingale's song is attributed to the blackcap and even to the thrush or merle simply because heard by day, for there seems to be a common idea that this bird will not sing save at dusk or in darkness or in the morning twilight. I doubt if the nightingale ever sings in actual darkness, and though the bird is most eager just before and at dawn, at moonlit or starlit dusk, or at full moon, it may be heard at any hour of the day. I have heard the song and watched the singer at full noon, and that not in deep woods but in a copse by the wayside. Strange that both name and legend survive in lands where the nightingale is unknown. There is no question but that it was once plentiful, or at any rate often seen, in the Western Highlands: though now, it is said, not a bird of its tribe has crossed the Solway since the Union! It is still spoken of in Argyll and elsewhere, and not confusedly with any other woodlander. In no country has it a lovelier name than the Gaelic *Ros-an-ceol*, the Rose of Music. I have heard it spoken of as the *smiol* or *smiolach*, the *eosag*, and the *spideag*, though this latter name, perhaps the commonest, is misleading, as it is applied to one or two other songsters. In Iona, Colonsay, Tiree, and other isles, I have heard the robin alluded to as the *spideag*. I remember the drift, but cannot recall the text of a Gaelic poem where the nightingale (for neither in literary nor legendary language is any other bird indicated by '*Ros-an-Ceol*') is called the Sister of Sorrow, with an allusion to a singular legend, which in some variant or another I believe is also found in the Austrian highlands, parts of Germany, and elsewhere, to the effect that if a nightingale come 'with Song upon it' into the room of a sleeping person that person will go mad, or that if the eyes of a nightingale found dead or slain be dissolved in any liquid the drinker will become blind. I have heard, too, a tale (though the bird was there alluded to as the *smeorach-oidhe* or 'night-thrush') where the nightingale, the owl, and the bat are called moon-children, the Moon-Clan; three birds, it said, with three animals of the land and three of the water, three fish, three insects, three trees, three plants, three flowers, and three stones were thrown to the earth as a farewell gift the day the Moon died. Among the three birds the teller included the bat, and I daresay there are many who still regard the bat as a bird. The three animals of land and water were the weasel, the badger, and the fox, the seal, the otter, and the kelpie (*sic*). The three fish were the fluke, the eel, and the moon-glistened herring. The three insects were the white moth, the grey gnat, and the cockchafer. The three trees were the ash, the thorn, and the elder. The three plants were the ivy, the moon-fern or bracken, and the mistletoe. The three flowers were the meadowsweet, the white water-lily, and the 'lusavone' (? *Lus-Mhonaidh* . . . ? Bog-cotton). The three stones were, I think, granite, basalt, and trap, though I am uncertain about the second and still more so about the third, which was called *clach-liath*, 'the grey stone.'

But though in the north the nightingale is no longer a haunter of the dusk the other clans of the night are to be met with everywhere, 'from the Rhinns of Islay to the Ord of Sutherland' as the Highland saying goes in place of the wider 'from Land's End to John o' Groats.' First and foremost is the Owl. But of the Owl and the nightjar and the midsummer night I wish to speak in a succeeding paper. The corncrake will next occur to mind.

The cry of the landrail is so like its popular name that one cannot mistake it. Some naturalists say the resemblance to the croaking of the frog may mislead the unwary, but there is an altogether different musical beat or emphasis in the call of the rail, a different quality of sound, a different energy, and it is difficult to understand how any ear familiar with nocturnal sounds could err in detecting the monotonously uniform *krex-krex* of the

bull-frog from the large, air-swimming, harshly musical *crekk-crake*, with the singular suspense so often to be noted after the first syllable. For all its harshness there are few sounds of the summer-dusk so welcome. It speaks of heat: of long shadow-weaving afternoons: of labour ceased, of love begun, of dreams within dreams. The very memory of it fills the mind as with silent garths of hay, with pastures ruddy with sorrel, lit by the last flusht glow or by the yellow gold of the moon, paling as it rises. The white moth is out; the dew is on the grass, the orchis, the ghostly clover; the flittermouse is here, is yonder, is here again; a late mallard flies like a whirling bolt overhead, or a homing cushat cleaves the air-waves as with rapid oars. As a phantom, a white owl drifts past and greys into the dusk, like flying foam into gathering mist. In the dew-moist air an innumerable rumour becomes a monotone: the breath of life, suppressed, husht, or palpitant. A wilderness of wild-roses has been crushed, and their fragrance diffused among the dove-grey and harebell-blue and pansy-purple veils of twilight: or is it a wilderness of honeysuckle; or of meadowsweet; or of the dew-wet hay: or lime-blossom and brier, galingale and the tufted reed and the multitude of the fern? It is fragrance, ineffable, indescribable: odour born under the pale fire of the moon, under the lance-thrusting whiteness of the Evening Star.

But before rain the persistent cry of the corncrake becomes loud, raucous, with a rasping intensity. The bird is commonly said to be a ventriloquist, but this I greatly doubt. I have watched the rail in many places, often within a few yards, more than once from the flat summit of a huge boulder set in the heart

of a hillmeadow of grass and sorrel. Not once have I heard "the King of the quails" unmistakably throw his voice a score yards away, or more. Often a *krex-crake* has resounded, and at some distance away, just as I have seen the stooping body of the *dream* (or *traon* or *treun-ri-treun*) slide through the grassy tangle almost at my feet: but the cry was not identical with that which a moment before I had heard, and surely it was not only distance but the difference of sex and the pulse of love which softened it to a musical call. Once, however, watching unseen

from the boulder I have spoken of, I saw and heard a landrail utter its *crake* in three ways, first and for over a minute with its head to one side while it moved jerkily this way and that, then for a few seconds (perhaps four or five times) with its head apparently thrown back, and then after a minute or two's silence and after a brief rapid run forward with outthrust neck and lowered head, as though calling along the ground. In no instance was the call thrown as though from a distance, but unmistakably from where the bird moved or crouched. There had been no response to the first, a single echo-like *crek-crake* to the second, but to the third there came almost simultaneously calls from at least three separate regions.

Nor is the rail so invariably shy, so heedful of cover, as commonly averred. With silence and patience it may often be discerned before the seeding grass is too dense or the corn high. In a lonely place on the east shore of West Loch Tarbert in Cantire I have seen several corncrakes leave cover as fearlessly as those two other 'sacred' or 'blessed' birds, the lark and the red grouse, will leave the shelter of heather-clutch or grassy tussock: and one morning I was awaked at dawn by so near and insistent an iteration of the singular call that I rose and looked out, to discover three corncrakes awkwardly perched on a low rabbit-fence, while I counted four others running to and fro in the rough dew-glistened grass just beyond. Here, by the way, a crofter spoke of the landrail as the *cearrsach*, a name I have not elsewhere heard and am not sure of the meaning, unless it is 'the lumpy' or 'awkward one'; while an English factor knew it as the grass-drake or meadow-drake, and again as the



S. Smith.

A MIDSUMMER EVENING.

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night-crow—the latter obviously a survival from the Anglo-Saxon 'myghte-crake' or a name re-given from like association of ideas. The same shrewd farmer quite believed that a corn-crake is governor and leader of each flock of quails, at any rate in the season of migration—an idea held by the Greeks of old and retained by the Greek and Sicilian quail-shooters of to-day, and obviously wide-spread, as the Germans call the landrail the quail-king (*Wachtelkönig*), the French 'le roi des cailles,' the Italians 'il re di quaglie,' and the Spaniards 'el rey de las ardonicas.' However, if he had been a Gael he could have spoken of the quail only by hearsay most likely, for it is very

rare in the Highlands, and for myself I have never seen one there. Its name (*garra-gart* or *gartan*) is not unique: and the common term *muir-eun* is solely biblical, 'sea-bird' or 'bird-from-oversea,' because of the allusion in *Numbers* xii., 31. But the dew is heavy on the grass: the corn-crake calls: on a cloudy juniper; the nightjar churrs: the fhionna or white moth wavers above the tall spires of the foxglove. The midsummer-eve is now a grey-violet dusk. At the rising of the moon a sigh comes from the earth. Down the moist velvety ledges of the dark a few far-apart and low-set stars pulsate as though about to fall, but continually regather their tremulous rays. The night of summer is come.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE OLD ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

IN the new number of *Macmillan's Magazine* "Laudator Temporis Acti" raises a lament over the decay of the English peasantry. He traces the degeneracy to the year 1864, when, in his opinion, the small holders began to be ousted in favour of the great farms, and the rural exodus began in earnest, the young men going off to the seaports to become stevedores' labourers, hiring themselves out as navvies, or emigrating. Then, too, the old rural sports and pastimes began to die out, the old picturesque cottages fell down, and now, he says:

"The villagers dwell in boxes of brick and slate, the green has been hideously encroached upon, war to the knife is declared against all gipsies, there has not been a fight in the locality for years, and scarcely anyone knows how to dance."

In the course of his remarks he gives the following very pretty picture of hay-cutting in the olden time:

"All have curly chestnut hair, clear grey eyes, and flashing teeth, and wear corduroy breeches girded tightly, blue worsted stockings, and clean white shirts open at the neck. Chests, arms, and faces are tanned dull red. No three in the shire can out-mow, out-reap, cut-pitch, or out-dig the Beltons. The short one can carry 6cwt.; the others, though bred on the clods, can run and leap like stags, as my lord's keepers know to their cost. The Beltons are friendly with my father, and hail me over the hedge with, 'Hullo, little 'un!' then they turn to their work, and the scythes sing musically through the grass. We climb the bank and watch them. It is a bonny spectacle, the standing portion of the meadow fluttering and bending in the furtive breeze."

All this is very well, but Mr. George Bartram, the writer from whom we have quoted, cannot put back the clock or stop the use of machinery on farms; and the present order has its advantages as well as the old. He says that scientific tinkering with farming has never led to aught but waste of money; and this is only one of the many rash statements to which he commits himself. The truth is that the farmer of to-day would be nowhere except for the aid of science. He has to produce food at a much cheaper rate than his forefathers were able to do in 1864, with a corresponding advantage to the community to which he belongs.

BETWEEN THE HAY AND THE CORN HARVESTS.

It is an old adage which says that extremes meet. In 1903 the hay harvest was prolonged into the corn harvest, because of

the rainy character of the weather, which rendered the ingathering of the hay quite impossible. This year something quite different

has happened to bring about a result exactly similar. The ripening of the hay was delayed to some extent by the extreme cold in the spring, while the heat of June and July has hurried on the corn harvest prematurely, so that once again the spectacle may be seen in the country any day of haymakers at work in one field and harvesters toiling in that adjoining. The coincidence is not one that the farmer admires much; he prefers to have a little interval between the two ingatherings, because when this occurs it affords him leisure to get many small jobs done that become more difficult the longer they are left. By this time the turnips have grown very much in need of weeding, and it is absolutely necessary that gangs of boys should be sent down the drills cleaning them. The roots of the hedgerows have brought forth a thick vegetation, and these ought to be cut down before the thistles, nettles, and other noxious weeds have time to seed.



WAITING FOR ORDERS



THE HOME FARM POULTRY.

TRING AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

This has very properly been described as one of the best managed and most popular agricultural shows within reach of the metropolis. It is to be held on Thursday, August 10th, in Tring Park, which, as usual, will be lent for the purpose by Lord Rothschild. The prosperity of this show is a standing rebuke to the Royal, for its patronage largely depends upon London visitors, crowded trains of whom go down to Tring during the whole of the day on which it is held. It is an institution no less than sixty-six years old, and the most eloquent testimony of its management is that it shows annually a balance of profit. But that is only incidental. If Tring show were a financial failure it would still be a great success, because the saying has almost become proverbial in the district that you cannot find a pound of bad butter within seven miles of Tring. At an early date it adopted the practical side of exhibition, that is to say, the milk and butter trials with which the names of Mr. Ernest Mathews and Mr. Richardson Carr are so closely associated. Then, again, its sheep-dog trials are quite famous throughout the country, and in every department it manages to combine utility with the usual work of an exhibition to a degree unsurpassed anywhere else in Great Britain.

BATH AND WEST.

At a council meeting of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, over which Lord Radnor, the newly-elected president, presided, several interesting announcements were made. Next year's show of the society will be held at Swindon, from Thursday, May 31st, to Tuesday, June 5th. On that occasion both the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society and the Wilts Agricultural Association have resolved to suspend their shows in order not to interfere with the prosperity of the Bath and West, and no doubt this co-operation will go far to ensure the success of the exhibition. The work of the society seems to be progressing very favourably. A report to which dairy farmers will attach great interest is being prepared, showing the results of the enquiries into the origin and effect of flavouring on dairy produce. At the International Dairy Conference, to be held at Paris in October, Mr. Lloyd Baker and Mr. F. G. Lloyd will represent the society.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

ARE GOLDFINCHES INCREASING?

GOLDFINCHES, which have for generations suffered much from the assaults of bird-catchers, seem to be looking up again. They are certainly more abundant in some districts than they were a dozen or fifteen years ago. In some parts of East Sussex they are distinctly more in evidence, and they are nesting in places to which they have not resorted for years past. All lovers of wild life will welcome the day when this most beautiful

of English birds attains to something like the numbers in which it ought to be seen. "Goldie" is a hardy little fellow, and if he were less sought after as a cage-bird would add the charm of his most engaging personality to many a place from which he is now absent. But bird-catchers, who, it seems to me, are not nearly so well looked after as they ought to be, still ply their craft and still capture numbers of victims, all of them interesting, some of them rare and beautiful, as the goldfinches. At break of day, in the quieter and less-frequented parts of the country-side, especially in the down country, these gentry will spread their nets and set their lures, and apparently get away with their plunder without much interference from the rural policeman.

THEIR DISTRIBUTION.

Goldfinches enjoy a much wider geographical distribution than most people are aware of; they range, in fact, over most of Europe, from latitude 65deg. in Scandinavia to the shores of the Mediterranean. In Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco they are also found, as well as occasionally in the Canaries and Madeira. They are seldom seen in Egypt; but in Asia their range extends from Smyrna as far as Persia and Turkestan. The traveller in the south of Spain is pretty certain to come across these birds. A year and a-half ago I saw a Spanish bird-catcher setting his nets for them near Algeciras; and in the same expedition I saw these beautiful little creatures captive in cages not only at Gibraltar, but in Tangier, Casablanca, Mogador, and other Moorish towns. It was a somewhat sad fact to me to find the goldfinch as popular a cage-bird in Spain and North-West Africa as it is in England. Goldfinches, by the way, are not nearly such shy nesters as some people imagine them to be. I saw a nest last year in a by no means unfrequented orchard, within 50yds. of the door of the house; from this nest the parent birds safely brought out their brood.

THE FIELDFARE'S SUMMER LIFE.

Those English folk who find their way to Norway in summer for fishing and other purposes will, if they take note of bird-life at all, have no difficulty in explaining to their friends at home what becomes of the fieldfare when it quits our shores in early April. The nesting colonies of these cheerful birds are to be found from May to July in many parts of Scandinavia, the nesting period being somewhat unusually prolonged. Redwings, although they are often seen near the breeding-places of their cousins the fieldfares, are usually to be found nesting separately. Birch trees, which abound in Scandinavia, are a very favourite nesting-place for fieldfares. When the Norsk peasants are cutting their tiny crops of hay, in some smooth moraine-cleared valley by the fjord side, it is a wondrously pleasant thing to watch the flocks of fieldfares feeding among the newly-cut grass. In England we are so accustomed to associate this bird with winter scenes, that it is doubly refreshing to see the colonies of these most handsome thrushes busied among their families and enjoying so manifestly the glories of the wonderful, nightless Northern summer-time. Just at this season Norway is at her best and bravest. Nature is making up for lost time; vegetation springs up as if by magic; nowhere is grass so green or are the wild flowers so luxuriant. To see the wild pansies spreading their tender purple over some green hillside, or along some smooth, grassy, stream-divided "dal," is in itself a thing that one never quite forgets. In June, when the waterfalls leap from every mountain-side and everything in Norway is at the high-water mark of freshness and beauty, the fieldfare revels, undoubtedly, in one of the fairest country-sides in the world. Britain, when this bird returns to us in autumn, must seem a tame and over-populated country, by comparison with the quiet and romantic North land in which these birds spend their summer.

H. A. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FARMER'S TOAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I came across an old china cup the other day, on which was a farmer's toast, which I thought might be of interest to your agricultural readers.—T. C. M. CROOK.

"Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendour and state,
I envy them not, I declare it,
I eat my own lamb,
My chickens and ham,
I shear my own fleece and I wear it,
I have lawns, I have bows,
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The lark is my morning alarmer;
So my jolly boys now,
Here's God speed the plough,
Long life and success to the farmer."

[This is an old farmer's toast, and was not uncommonly printed on drinking vessels.—ED.]

OVERLOADED TRACTION-ENGINES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My reason for asking the insertion of this letter is that I think the case is likely to prove a test one, which may lead to some good, as to the limit of the haulage of loads of overwhelming weight and bulk on ordinary roads. A short time ago I was a guest at a house near Pangbourne. In the afternoon some of the party were driving in a waggone, with a pair of (fortunately) quiet horses, along the road to Goring that skirts the river just above Pangbourne. On one side, with a narrow margin of grass, was the Thames; on the other, a steep bank. At this point there appeared an obstruction in the road, in the form not merely of two traction-engines, but of the extraordinary loads they were dragging. Each had behind it an

ordinary trolley, of the usual width, such as might carry a big log of timber or perhaps a small boiler. On each of these was perched the enormous cylindrical boiler of a battleship. They are said, in one of the daily papers which commented upon and gave the later history of this perilous progress, to be 10½ ft. wide, and to weigh with the trolley nearly 25 tons, exclusive of the locomotive. I should think the width was not an inch less than 12 ft. The result was that this immense mass of iron, most insecurely perched on an ordinary trolley, bulged out on each side of the carrier so as to occupy the greater proportion of the road, overhanging a space on either side. It also towered upwards. Anyone knows how nervous horses are at strange sights, and this was a very strange one indeed. We were forced off the road on to the grass by the river, and had not the horses been exceptionally quiet, we should have been forced into the river. We had to run the gauntlet of two of these monsters, one after the other. But what occurred to me was: Supposing one of the boilers, so insecurely perched on a trolley, the width of which the law as to vehicles would not permit to be enlarged, had rolled off at that moment, a whole carriage full of people would have been crushed, not to mention the horses and carriage; and the supposition was no mere guess, one did roll off, not very far away, near Sandford, also by the river, after having crushed through the main drain of the Oxford City Sewage Works. So our lives were only spared by accident. I learnt that twenty more of these boilers were to continue the procession—the papers now say ten—but I incline to think that as they were evidently for a very large warship the higher figure is probably right. I also see that of the first four one caused an accident in Hampshire and blocked the road, and another broke down for some days in North Oxfordshire, and was then forbidden to cross the Great Western Railway bridge at Yarnton. The mischief to the roads, to be paid for by local ratepayers, is said to be great, and no wonder. Destruction, and possible death, attend this abuse of ordinary rights on roads. These boilers come from the Midlands for delivery at Portsmouth, so the danger zone was a very wide one. I think it extremely probable that the size of these boilers, no less than their weight, made it impossible to transport them by rail. Are we then to assume that the roads must be used in such a case? Not at all. The obvious alternative is canal transport, and such cases are a strong argument

in favour of the improvement and use of our canals. If there is no canal and the boilers are too bulky to go by train, then give the contracts to firms with works on rivers or harbours.—X.

KILPECK CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The monastery to which this church was attached was founded by a Norman knight about 1134, who was stationed hard by at Kilpeck Castle, one of those border keeps of Herefordshire, by means of which raids



by the turbulent Welshmen were held in check. This church, as the photograph shows, contains striking and characteristic examples of Late Norman architecture, at the period when the ruder style was giving place to the richer and lavish decoration which marked the transition stage from it to Early English. On the tympanum is depicted the Tree of Life, and above it may be noted the zigzag and other Norman mouldings, while around, for a considerable width, the wall is ornamented in Norman fashion with dragons, birds, and interlacing twigs.—M.

THE COPPER BEECH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 29th a correspondent, "M.," asks if you can mention any larger specimens of a copper or purple beech than one at East Dereham in Norfolk, of 11ft. 5in. round the trunk 3ft. from the ground, which is said to be 250 years old. Well, I have measured one here (County Longford) at 3ft. from the ground, and it measures 12ft. 3in. I do not know its age.—JAMES WILSON, Currygrane, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.

DAIRY-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you, or any of your readers, tell me whether there is any demand for ladies as dairymaids? A girl friend of mine, strong, and very fond of country pursuits, is anxious to learn dairy-work, etc., and would be willing to give her services for six or twelve months in exchange for a comfortable home. I should be so much obliged if you could give me any information on the subject.—G. E.

WHITE OYSTER-CATCHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to learn that an almost pure white oyster-catcher has been nesting on Upper Donside this season. It is pure white except the tips of its wings, which are black, and might easily be mistaken for a common gull. The other birds seem to regard it with suspicion, as I saw it being pursued by a lapwing, which probably had mistaken it for a gull.—SETON P. GORDON, Auchintoul, Aboyne, N.B.

HORSEMANSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have recently given us in your columns some illustrations of equestrians, whose seats on horseback differed as widely in style as such could well do, but which are each equally interesting to the student of riding-lore. I allude to the pictures of the Greek warriors on the vases, with their simple yet spirited rendering of the bareback seat of that ancient cavalry, and to the beautiful prints of the "high school" riders of a more recent but still distant day. With regard to the first, is there not a warrior, a cavalryman, not quite, perhaps, of the present day, but let us say of but yesterday, who in seat and style is, or was, a counterpart of the ancient Greek? I mean the American "Horse" Indian. He is no longer a warrior indeed (the American troops and the Agency Police see to that); he is only a warrior in pretence, at a big "pow-wow" or "potlatch," when the pony war dance is perchance given, or at the Wild West Show. Could anything be more Greek warrior-like—even to the light lance and the small round shield—than those Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe braves, who, cheerfully yelping, tore round Buffalo Bill's arena on their bare, wiry ponies? Especially if it was a warm, fine day when paint was (almost) the only wear. On wet, windy, cold days, such as the worthy, much-beloved, much-laboured Wild West had such liberal experience of in the summer of 1903, the Greek effect was somewhat discounted by the heavy clothing of the Indians, but the carefully-studied dash-in of the long-haired "bucks" was no less enthralling. Of the riding of cowboy and Mexican, Cossack and American trooper (the latter also bareback on occasion), I may not now speak, but would pass on to school-riding. There is a certain travelling circus which owns a wonderful *manège* horse, which (or ought I to say "who"?) would not have much to fear in rivalry, I like to imagine, with "the bay barb, The Bonnite," so highly schooled and prized by ancient Pluvinel. On my last visit to this circus I sat entranced watching this highly-bred animal's "discourse of the raised passades" and other delightful "airs." The only thing that pleased me but indifferently was that the rider had not studied the repose that marks the caste of the finished school-rider, but was far too laboured and strenuous in his methods. I am solemnly assured, however, by a friend who has seen the same performer and horse after the lapse of two years from our last visit that not only has the rider (if the same) vastly improved in this important particular, but that the horse has been schooled to more and cleverer paces still. I hope to see him again some day. The villagers and country-folk are always most interested in this animal, which, by the way, they call "the step-dancing horse," and are quick to note any addition to his repertoire. Some are inclined to object to the exhibition on the score of cruelty, but others, more observant still, point out that the spur is not actually used as often as might at first be supposed. The first criticism shows that a school-rider cannot be too careful to avoid unrestrained and exaggerated leg-motion. Some good school-riding was to be seen at Barnum and Bailey's, and years ago, I believe, Hengler's was noted for it. The circus is deserving of honour for bravely keeping up the tradition, and as long as its audiences still display as much interest in the art as they seem to do, there ought to be no danger of its extinction. We may yet see it raised to its former height of favour in the select circles of horse-owners and horse-lovers—who knows?—ITONKASAN.

A ROYAL STURGEON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a Crown sturgeon may be of interest to your readers. It is a Royal sturgeon caught at Flukie, Seggieden, Perth, on June 15th. It is the largest ever caught in the Tay twenty miles from the sea. It weighs 27st., and is 10ft. in length, girth 4ft. 3½in. The photograph was taken by myself.—MARY WILKINSON.



FEATHERED FOES OF GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read the article on feathered foes in your issue of July 15th, and the captious criticism in your following week's issue, signed by "E. B. M." and "H. R. I.," may I be permitted to write a few lines in support of the original article, which struck me as being written in a particularly broad-minded and sensible manner. In all such matters of varying interests as the preservation of game and the preservation of hawks there must be give and take on both sides, and not a selfish adherence to one's own particular hobby. The writer of the article in question seems to me to have followed this principle in a most liberal and open-minded manner, both as a naturalist and

as a game-preserved. His remarks are to the point, and the correctness of facts which your critic doubts is well known by practical men. There are, unfortunately, always faddists and cranks in this world, and men who are unable to consider any question except from their own small outlook, and, unfortunately, these are the men who do harm to the cause they advocate.—B.

THE PORTBURY YEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There are some yew trees in the churchyard at Portbury, Somerset, the largest of which is about 21 ft. in circumference. Can you give me any idea of its probable age?—F. L. COCK, Porchester Square, W.

FLOWERING OF THE BAMBOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*Bambusa nigra* is not universally flowering. We have some half-a-dozen plants here, two of them very large, which at present show no signs of flower. They are growing higher than they have ever done, and I fear for the future. The flowering of *Simoni* was spread over at least three years, and I saw one in flower in 1903, and have two plants still alive, but covered with bloom now. I have a plant of *henonis* sent me from abroad this spring covered with bloom, while home-grown ones show no sign at present. I fancy, therefore, that blooming must be more uncertain in this country than in their native lands.—MEDWAY, Hemsted.

WASPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*Apropos* of "H. P. R.'s" account in your issue of July 22nd of wasps destroying daddy-long-legs, I was to-day an interested spectator of a short struggle between a wasp and one of those large flies, like a bee, with a big, flat head. The pair were on the ground, and I watched while the wasp, after probably stinging the fly, deliberately severed the head from the body, and then, finding it still too heavy a burden, cut off the tail end of the fly, and flew off with the trunk without waiting to perform its toilet. The whole operation took about five minutes, and from the masterly manner the wasp set to work, he was evidently a practised hand. By the way, what is the action of cyanide of potassium in destroying wasps in their nests? I lately simply put a few pieces just inside the entrance, and on digging out the nest, which was exactly as shown on page 100, hundreds of dead wasps were found, but about a dozen emerged apparently unhurt from a sort of small gallery leading to the roof of the nest. The pupæ were all alive and kicking. I fancy I ought to have dissolved the cyanide and soaked a rag with it. As we seem likely to be in for a plague of wasps this year, a few hints on how to destroy the nest effectively will be useful.—F. W. BENNET.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of an old Somerset labourer and his wife, aged eighty and seventy-six years respectively. The old gentleman



has worked on an adjoining farm for fifty-two years. His ambition as a young man was to be a policeman, but he naively says now that he failed in this because "he did not stick to the 'writing.'" There were seven children of the marriage, who were brought up on 9s. a week when bread was 9d. the loaf! The old man is still a competent gardener.—B. W. CHAPPELL.

A NOVEL FUNCTION FOR A SHEEPDOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The bitch in the enclosed photograph belongs to a shepherd near Rye. She took to this wether lamb at a day old, and brought it up most successfully. There will be, at any rate, one sheep under this dog's charge for whom the bark of authority will have no terrors.—W. B. H.



RABBIT SHAMMING DEATH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the article in your issue of July 1st, "Landrail Shamming Death," I should like to point out that not only birds, but rabbits also sham death. The following was told me the other day by a gentleman whose experience it was, and I think it might be of some interest to your readers: "I was walking across a field, with my dog at my side, when a young rabbit emerged from a wood close by. Suddenly it fell to the ground, and was to all intents dead; the dog sniffed it, and I watched it for about ten minutes, thinking it absolutely dead. I walked away about fifty yards, when I looked back, and saw the rabbit rise and run rapidly into the wood whence it came. It is quite evident that it saw the dog and dropped down of fright."—E. E. HORTON.

GOAT-FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am the last person in England who should write anything that might be regarded as prejudicial to goat-keeping in any form, considering that for the last thirty-five years I have advocated it, and have written more on the subject, probably, than anyone else in this country. At the same time, since the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* have been referred to me in connection with the articles under the above heading appearing in your issues of June 24th and July 15th, I feel in duty bound to warn those who, as I judge by the dozens of letters addressed to me, are led away by the impression conveyed in those articles to believe that there is an income to be made in goat-farming, to tell them plainly there is none! Years ago I thought differently, but the experience of myself and others has proved what I now know to be a fact. For a goat farm to be a success there must be a demand for the milk, and I regret to say again that there is not. It is stated in the last article that nearly all the big dairy companies are only too willing to buy goats' milk at good prices. This statement I should like to see verified, and I think I may challenge the writer to prove it. I can only say that I have known personally the managing directors of most, if not all, of these companies, and their statements to me have been quite to the contrary; and this is borne out further by a correspondent (Mr. L. W. S. Long) whose letter appeared in your issue of July 15th, and who states in writing to me and referring to the Express Dairy Company that "they themselves have told me there is practically no demand for it." This company tried the experiment twenty years or so ago, and found it a failure, and if they could not succeed, with all the facilities they have for the retail sale of the produce, and under their experienced management, it is pretty certain no private individual could. If there is no demand commercially for the milk, still less is there for cheese and butter made from it—in this country at least. On the other hand, strange to say, there is, unquestionably, a brisk and increasing demand for good milking goats. I receive hundreds of letters annually asking me where goats may be obtained, but never one for the purchase of the milk. In this connection I may reply to Mr. Long's question: How do the St. Albans people find a market for their milk? Presuming him to refer to the owner of the herd which supplies the illustrations for the articles, I can only say that he does not sell any milk, nor do the other three large breeders, whose united herds amount to some hundred head or more. All the milk is used to rear their kids, for which they have a ready market at high figures. Referring to the debtor and creditor account given in the article published on June 24th, I may remark that if the writer could supply me with the twenty-four goats that are down as giving each two quarts of milk a day all the year round—an animal, by the way, it has not yet been my good fortune to meet with—I could find buyers rapidly for them at £10 apiece, instead of the £2 which is set down as their value. In conclusion, allow me to observe I have always advocated goat-keeping in a private way as a pleasurable and profitable pursuit, just as poultry-keeping in a similar way is universally regarded to be; but goat-farming would be worse than poultry-farming, and that is bad enough to make an income by.—H. S. HOLMES PEGLER, Hon. Secretary B.G.S.